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# Scorer's Successful Selections



By  
**JOHN G. SCORER**  
PRINCIPAL OF THE  
CLEVELAND SCHOOL  
OF  
ELOCUTION AND ORATORY.

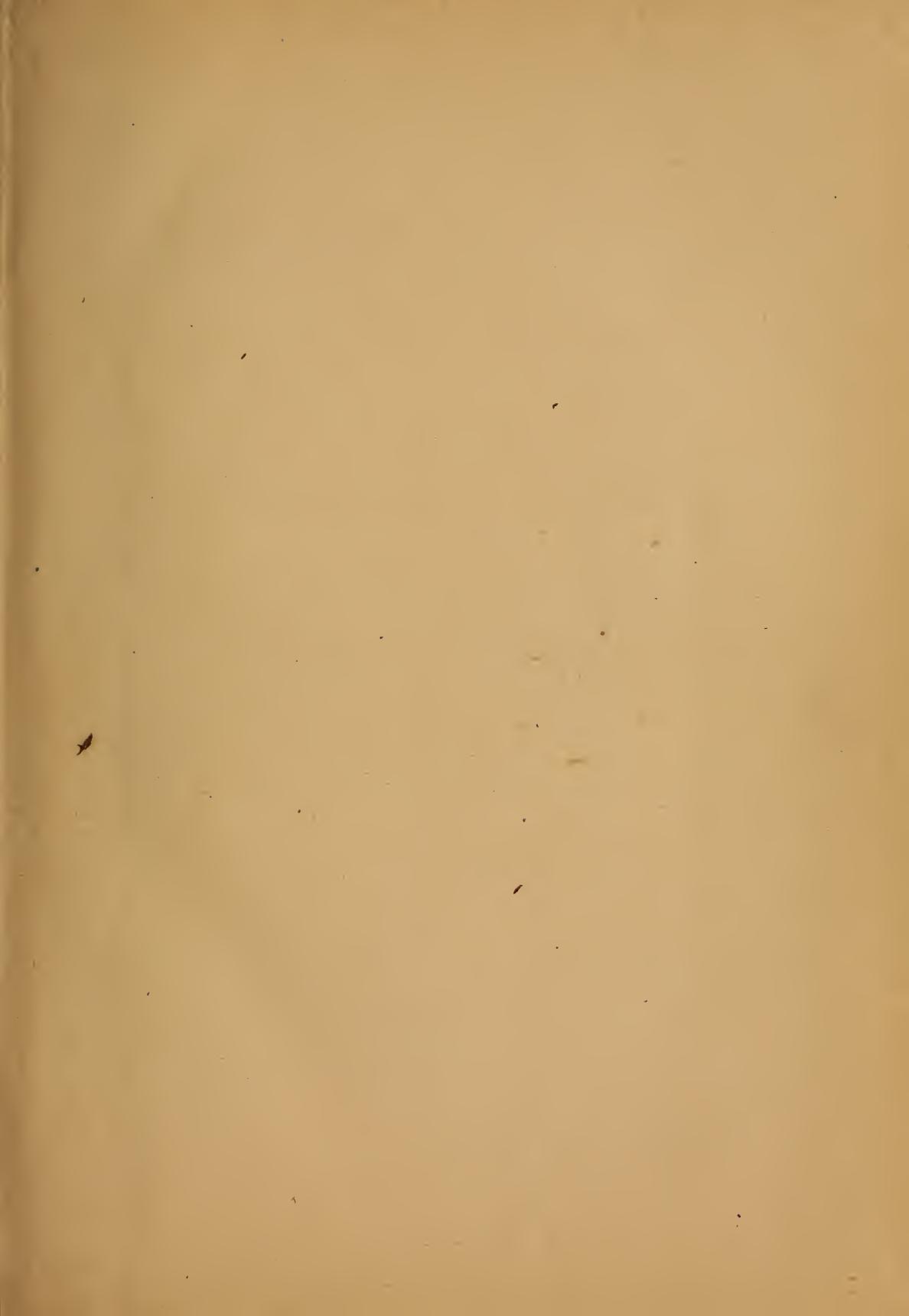
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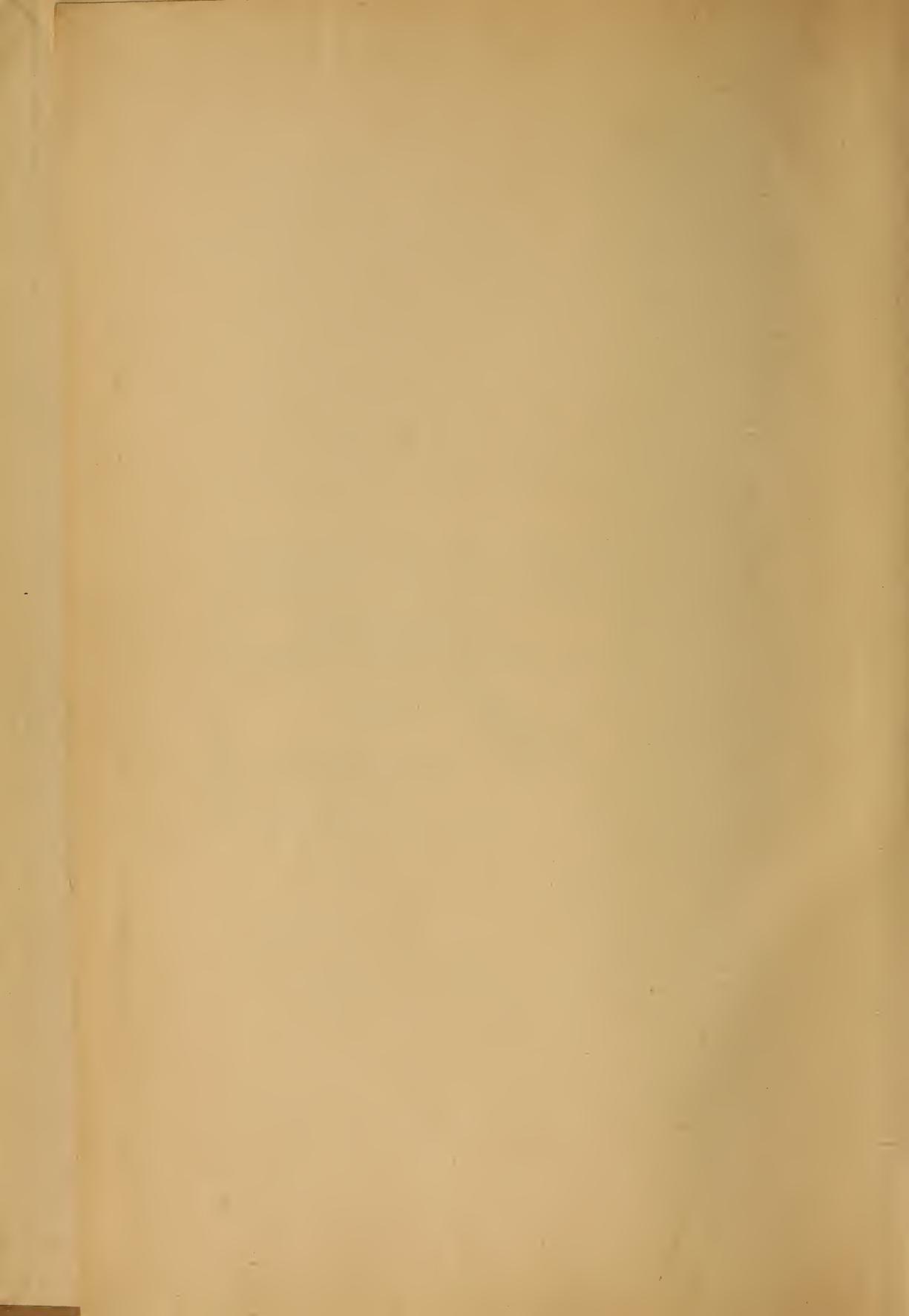
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# SCORER'S SUCCESSFUL SELECTIONS

—AND—

PRINCIPLES OF VOICE AND ACTION.

A TREATISE ON THE SCIENCE AND ART OF ELOCUTION,  
WITH A COLLECTION OF TESTED AND APPROVED SE-  
LECTIONS FOR RECITATION ON ALL OCCASIONS.

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INCLUDING THE CHOICEST GEMS OF ELOCUTION AND ORA-  
TORY FROM THE EDITOR'S OWN REPERTOIRE.

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EVERY PIECE A MASTERPIECE.

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THE BEST SELECTIONS FOR ELOCUTIONARY PURPOSES TO BE  
FOUND IN THE WHOLE RANGE OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

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ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR ADVANCED STUDENTS, TEACHERS,  
AND PROFESSIONAL RECITERS.

---

EDITED BY  
JOHN G. SCORER, M. O.,  
PRINCIPAL OF



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PUBLISHED BY  
J. R. HOLCOMB & COMPANY.  
CLEVELAND, O.

1894

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# PART FIRST.

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## PREFACE.

The subject of Elocution is here presented as a Science and an Art. The Science consists of its true principles; the Art consists in the manner of presenting them. Science is the knowledge of Art and Art is the practice of Science. Science investigates and applies the principles; Art gives practical illustration to the principles. As a Science it teaches us to know; as an Art it teaches us to do. The principles spring out of the nature of things, being based upon fundamental laws, and are not simply the arbitrary rules of skillful teachers.

It has been our aim to present the subject of Elocution in this manual in a simplified form, with clearness, and perspicuity. The treatment of many of the divisions is unique; still it is in complete harmony with the most modern and advanced but approved methods of instruction in Speech Arts. Ambiguity has been studiously avoided. While the course is complete and comprehensive, confusing, non-essential details have been omitted.

The student should be educated upon a well-regulated and scientific plan of instruction; he should be given real and not superficial culture. The aim of the true teacher should be to foster artistic growth and development; look to *quality* rather than *quantity*.

Notwithstanding improved methods of instruction, there is still no royal road to excellence in the Science and Art of Elocution. To reach the goal requires assiduous and pains-taking labor, but it is well worthy of the greatest effort, for

“Of equal honor with him who writes a great poem, is he who reads it grandly.”

JOHN G. SCORER.

## PART SECOND—PREFACE.

We have aimed to make this volume a veritable bouquet of the choicest flowers of literature, for elocutionary purposes, to be found in the whole world of English Letters.

The book will, at least, be unique among publications of its class, as it has been made up on a new plan.

Nothing has been admitted simply to "fill up." Instead of including worthless clippings and ephemeral literature of no elocutionary value, we have admitted none but pre-eminently successful selections of undoubted merit.

Instead of cutting the selections down to ridiculous limits, as many do to make a large list, thus rendering them worthless, we have aimed to include really valuable selections of appropriate length and as many of them as a generous volume would admit. Thinking persons will discriminate here.

Most of the selections have been drawn from the editor's own *repertoire*, and many of them have never before been published. He has tested them before large and cultured audiences, and they have invariably been received with marked favor.

The list includes a wide range of Selections, expressing nearly every shade of Sentiment,—something suitable for all occasions. It is a symmetrical many-sided collection of both old and new Pieces, certain to become favorites wherever properly presented.

The selections have been carefully edited and revised when necessary to better adapt them to elocutionary purposes.

As a guide to the student, we have in the Table of Contents indicated the general character of each selection. The prevailing style of a piece determines its class.

The book is especially intended for the use of students and teachers in our public schools and colleges and for professional reciters. It represents our best effort in this line. We invite comparison and are content to have the fortunes of the book determined by its merit.

To those who have allowed us the use of Selections upon which they hold the copyright, and to co-laborers for fraternal courtesies, we extend our thanks.

J. G. S.

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# PART FIRST.

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## BREATHING.

The organs of respiration exert a great influence over the power of the voice. Proper control of them is very important. Deep and vigorous breathing is one of life's strong holds; it is a sign of power and mind concentration; in short it is the basis of good health, and of all perfection in reading, speaking, and singing. No other action of which the body is capable affords exercise to so many vital organs. It gives increased lung capacity and thereby brings a greater supply of air to the lungs, quickening the circulation, purifying the blood, aiding digestion and rendering body and mind healthy and strong. Taking the breath properly, then, is of the greatest importance. The lungs should be trained to free, full and powerful action; the muscles that control the breath should be perfectly disciplined.

### BREATHING EXERCISES.

**ATTITUDE OF THE BODY.**—Stand erect, heels together, toes at an angle of seventy degrees, weight of body resting on both feet, the shoulders well back, head up with the chin drawn slightly in; place the hands on the hips with the thumbs on the small of the back and the fingers on the abdominal muscles in front.

**HOW TO BREATHE.**—Breath should be taken noiselessly through the nose, except when employed as a means of expression, as in fright, surprise, etc. In the following exercises there must be no upward movement of the shoulders.

The greater the length of time occupied in each exercise the better the result. After each exercise take a full inspiration for a rest.

**CHEST BREATHING** for the upper part of the lungs. Inflate the chest to its fullest capacity, retain the air for a moment, then breathe out gradually and quietly.

**ABDOMINAL BREATHING** for the lower part of the lungs. Contract the waist muscles in front, then inhale and thrust the muscles out as far as you can.

COSTAL BREATHING for the side muscles. Bend body sideways to the *right*. Inhale slowly and distend the left side; exhale slowly and resume erect position. Repeat the exercise, bending to the left.

DORSAL BREATHING for the muscles of the back. Inhale and thrust out the dorsal muscles by the force of the air.

DEEP BREATHING, the combination of the preceding exercises, for the entire lung capacity. Take a full inspiration and exercise the will upon all parts of the body at the same time. This, in a less intensified form, should be our natural way of taking the breath.

EFFUSIVE BREATHING.—Inhale naturally, then give out the breath in a prolonged sound of the letter *h*.

EXPULSIVE BREATHING.—Take a full inhalation, then give out the air forcibly on the sound of the letter *h*.

EXPLOSIVE BREATHING.—Take a full breath and exhale with a sudden force the letter *h*.

PACKING THE LUNGS.—Take a full inspiration, inhaling rapidly, then insert a pipe stem in the mouth and through it draw in more air.

EXERCISE FOR ERECT CARRIAGE OF THE BODY.—Take a full inspiration, expand the chest to its utmost, keep the abdomen flat. Hold the muscles in this position while counting twenty and advance a step at each count.

#### THE BREATH IN TONE PRODUCTION.

The diaphragm, the large muscle which separates the lungs and the heart from the viscera, and the waist muscles, constitute the *primary* instrument in the production of tone. The sustaining power of the voice lies in these muscles. They are the motive or propelling power. Their power does not center at the diaphragm, but at the waist, at the point of greatest girth.

The larynx, tongue, teeth, lips, etc., constitute the *secondary* instrument. The Larynx is the place where vocal sounds are made, and the power to produce them is derived from the combined action of the diaphragm and the waist muscles. The primary instrument constitutes the motive power; the secondary the motor. The primary does the work; the secondary gives it expression. The principal cause of *chronic* sore throat is the failure to use the primary instrument in tone production.

In the act of speaking and singing, the action of the diaphragm and waist muscles must be *downward* and *outward*, and not inward and upward.

In ordinary respiration (breathing without producing tone), the breath is given out by relaxation; whereas, in the act of speaking and singing, it should be given out by a controlled effort, or resistance to the same, in order to economize breath. This is accomplished by a downward pressure of the diaphragm and the waist muscles. The lung cavity is compressed by the ribs, while the out-go of the breath is regulated by the diaphragm and the waist muscles. In relaxation, we cannot perfectly control the out-go of breath; more air is usually forced out than can be converted into tone. The striking of this surplus air upon the throat produces granular pharyngitis; the back part of the throat becomes congested, and in time works down to the lungs and does great harm.

Observe the action of the diaphragm and the waist muscles in the following exercises: Assume a moderate emphatic position, and exert yourself as if lifting a heavy weight from the floor; now as if lifting a weight overhead; now strike out with considerable energy directly in front of you, with your right hand.

If the exercises are properly executed, you will find that you are stronger when the action of the diaphragm and the waist muscles is outward and downward. The above exercises are performed by physical effort. The action of the muscles in tone production is the same, therefore the ability to produce tone is physical.

Relaxation in tone production, has a tendency to force the vocal organs up into the throat, which is always to be avoided.

#### VOICE DEVELOPMENT.

A voice of wide compass, good volume and pure quality, is essential to every reader and speaker.

Vocality is formed by the air passing from the lungs through the glottis, causing the vocal chords to vibrate. The varying tension and relaxation of the vocal ligaments or chords, together with the vibrations of the pharynx, the mouth and the nose, which form a series of resonators or sounding-boards, regulate the volume, quality and pitch of the voice.

Each vocal sound consists of a ground or fundamental tone and an over-tone. The ground-tone is the one which is most prominent in the voice; it is the principal or fundamental part of the sound. Close attention to the voice reveals other tones, higher in pitch, mingled with the ground-tone. These are called the upper or over-tones of the voice. They bear a certain relation to the ground-tone, which, when perfect, give harmony of sound and an effect that is pleasing. When the relations are not perfect, the voice is defective in quality and unpleasing.

The various shades of thought and emotion are expressed by focalizing the voice in different parts of the mouth. Every sentiment and emotion is marked by tones which show its character. To bring out the sentiment and emotion of passages of anger, defiance, hatred, etc., the voice must be focalized in the front part of the mouth; in serenity, love, beauty, etc., on the hard palate; in grandeur, sublimity, etc., in the back part of the mouth or pharynx.

The proper development of the voice requires vigorous vocal gymnastics.

In all vocal exercises keep the jaw and the waist firm. Do not constrict the muscles of the neck and throat. Work for solidity of tone. Cultivate intensity.

Earnest, systematic practice will increase the power and flexibility of the voice to an extent that will be surprising as well as gratifying.

Pronounce with energy the vowel "a", focalizing it in the front part of the mouth, making it ring from the teeth. Utter the following words and sentences in the same manner:

Say! Say there! What do you say? Stale ale will fail to regale.

"Strike, till the last armed foe expires!  
Strike, for your alters and your fires!  
Strike, for the green graves of your sires!  
God and your native land!"

### Bā, bē, bī, bō.

Close the lips tightly, and give a sudden opening of the vowel element, without sounding the consonant.

### Fā, fē, fī, fō. Fātal fēvers fight fōemen.

Bring the upper teeth down firmly on the lower lip and give a sudden opening of the vowel.

**Hā, hē, hī, hō.**

Separate the lips on the consonant and give a sudden opening of the vowel element. Close the lips tightly after each tone and inhale through the nose.

Utter the word "roll", focalizing the sound on the hard palate. Repeat it several times, sustaining the tone. If the relations of the ground-tone and the over-tones are perfect, the latter will be quite prominent.

"Charco' ! charco' !"

While echo faint and far replies,—

"Hark, O ! hark, O !"

"Charco' !"—"Hark, O !"

"Blow, bugle blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying."

"To all, the truth we tell—we tell!"

Shouted in ecstacies a bell;

"Come, all ye weary wanderers, see !

Our Lord has made salvation free.

Repent! believe; have faith! and then

Be saved, and praise the Lord. Amen.

Salvation's free, we tell—we tell!"

'Pull ! if ye never pulled before;

Good ringers, pull your best,' quoth he.

"Play up, play up, O Boston bells !

Ply all your changes, all your swells !

Play up *The Brides of Enderby!*"

"Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha !" (calling)

"For the dews will soon be falling,

Leave your meadow grasses mellow,

Mellow, Mellow,

Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow !

Come up, Whitefoot! come up, Lightfoot !

Quit the stalks of Parsley hollow,

Hollow, hollow!"

Utter the word "roll," focalizing it in the back part of the mouth. Recite the following passages with a clear, pure tone and all the power you can command:

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;  
Jehovah hath conquered, and his people are free!"

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this his glorious day:  
Ye that are men! now serve him,  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Your courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose."

"Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!  
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!  
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,  
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vales, O pleasant  
land of France!  
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the  
waters;  
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;  
As thou were constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,  
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls  
annoy.  
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war.  
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivy and King Henry of Navarre!"

#### QUALITY.

Quality relates to the kind of voice. Its natural division is into Pure and Impure.

Pure Quality is recognized as Natural and Orotund.

Natural Quality of voice is the medium of pure conversation; as, "Is it you, Jack? Old boy, is it really you? I shouldn't have known you but that I was told you might be expected;—pray, how do you do?"

"So you beg for a story, my darling, my brown-eyed Leopold;  
And you, Alice, with face like morning, and shining locks  
of gold;  
Then come, if you will, and listen—stand close to my knee--  
To a tale of the Southern city, proud Charleston by the sea."

*The Orotund Quality* is the result of the most complete use of the vocal organs; it is a highly improved state of the natural

voice which gives grandeur and energy to thought and expression. It is recognized in three divisions, Effusive, Expulsive, and Explosive.

*Effusive Orotund*.—In this form of the Orotund the voice is poured forth in a continuous stream. It is the voice of *grand, sublime* and *reverential* thought; as,

“Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll.”

“O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light?”

*The Expulsive Orotund*, instead of pouring forth in a continuous stream as in the Effusive Orotund, issues in the form of a short shout. All oratorical styles require this form of utterance; as,

“I do not think I exaggerate when I say that never since God made Demosthenes has He made a man better fitted for a great work than He did O’Connell. You may say that I am partial to my hero: but John Randolph of Roanoke, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he did a Yankee, when he got to London and heard O’Connell, the old slave-holder threw up his hands and exclaimed, ‘That is the man, those are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day,’ and I think he was right!”

*The Explosive Orotund* is a strong instantaneous burst of the voice with a sharp, clear and sudden effect upon the ear. All selections of bold address, anger, hurry and commotion come under this head; as,

“Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well:  
Into the jaws of death,  
Into the mouth of hell,  
Rode the six-hundred.”

#### IMPURE QUALITY.

The impure qualities are produced by imperfect action of the organs of speech. No voice can be called good which has any impure characteristics. All such qualities must be eradicated by careful and patient training. The reader, however, should be able to assume any of the impure qualities of voice, in order to imitate a character or express an emotion, but in ordinary use they must not be characteristic of the voice.

**IMPURE QUALITY** is recognized as Aspirate, Guttural, Pectoral and Falsetto.

*In Aspirate Quality* the breath preponderates. It is the language of surprise, caution, secrecy, fear, etc.

This is the simplest form of speech. The breath passes through the glottis, the vocal chords remaining lax, into the mouth where it is articulated. The supply of breath must be full and well controlled in order to make it audible. The chief characteristic of the aspirate quality is distinctness; its acquisition is therefore of great value.

"Hark I hear the bugles of the enemy! They are on their march along the bank of the river! We must retreat instantly, or be cut off from our boats! I see the head of their column already rising over the height! Our only safety is in the screen of this hedge. Keep close to it—be silent—and stoop as you run! For the boats! Forward!"

"Ha! who comes here?  
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes  
That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
It comes upon me! Art thou any thing?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
That makest my blood cold, and my hair stand?  
Speak to me what thou art."

*The Guttural Quality* is a vicious use of the vocal organs; the sounds are harsh and are formed largely in the throat. It is used in expressing contempt, aversion, revenge, disgust, etc.

To acquire this quality utter, in a harsh tone of voice, the consonants t, d, j, k, g, and l; also such words as revenge, rage, rancor, havoc, fury, accursed, savage, hence, slave, inhuman, etc. Do not force the base of the tongue down against the back part of the throat, and you will avoid "rasping" it.

"How like a fawning publican he looks!  
I hate him for he is a Christian;  
If I can catch him once upon the hip,  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,  
Even there where merchants most do congregate,  
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,  
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,  
If I forgive him!"

*The Pectoral Quality* is one result of a relaxed condition of the vocal organs and is found below the medium register of the voice; it is used to express awe, horror, dread and remorse. It is also the language of supernatural beings.

"I am thy father's spirit; doomed for a certain time to walk the night, and for the day confined to fast in fires, till the foul crimes done in my days of nature, are burned and purged away."

*The Falsetto Quality* is found above the medium register of the voice, as in children's and high-pitched female voices. It expresses extreme surprise, mockery, terror, anger, pain, affection, etc.

"Speak no more of Mortimer! Zounds, I will speak of him, and let my soul want mercy if I do not join with him."

"Good night! Papa, Jessie see you in the morning."

"Well, ye ain't goin' to set there like a bump on a log 'thout sayin' a word to pay for your vittles, air ye?"

#### ARTICULATION.

Articulation consists in forming and joining the elementary sounds of speech into syllables. The tone as it issues from the vocal organs, is shaped by the mouth and nose into definite vowel forms, or into consonants by the tongue, teeth, palate and lips.

A good articulation can be acquired by the use of the will, by resolution, and by practicing the elementary sounds, both separately and in combination. Rigidly practice the vowels and consonants and difficult combinations until a distinct articulation is acquired.

For recreation in articulation, practice "The Two Boot-Blacks," page 43, and "A Texas Duel," page 117 of this work.

#### DIFFICULT VOWEL SOUNDS.

The following difficult vowel sounds are often mispronounced:

A, as in arm.	OO, as in ooze.
A, as in ask.	OO, as in book.
A, as in air.	U, as in duty.
E and I, as in her and sir.	

*Long Italian a (ä)* occurs in monosyllables and accented syllables, before r final, or r followed by a consonant, also in the derivatives of such words. It is frequently mispronounced when followed by n't, lf, lm, and ch, as in the words can't, calf, calm, and mustache, avaunt taunt, daunt, haunt, flaunt, qualm, laugh, pardon, psalm, wrath, salve, aunt, balm, palm, saunter, laundry, hearth, launch, haunch, half, barn, darn, ha, yarn, bath. Form short sentences each containing one of the above words.

*Short Italian a (å)* differs from the long Italian a only in quantity. It is chiefly found in monosyllables, ending in ff, ft, sh, sk, sp, st, with a few in nce and n't. Pass class, mass, glass, grass, staff, quaff, chaff, raft, cash, ask, bask, mask, last, past, mast, gash, rasp, clasp, grasp, hasp, draft, waft, chant, slant, grant, lance, chance, advance, avast.

*Medial a (â)* is generally followed by r. Avoid a as in arm and a as in may.

Care, dare, rare, lair, hair, stare, bear, pair, prayer, parent, flaring, sharing, glaring, declaring, barely, aware, scarcely, apparent, tearing.

*E or I* followed by r in a monosyllable or an accented syllable, in which the r is not followed by another r (*merry*), or a vowel (*merit*), has the sound of e in her. This is the only sound that cannot be given alone. Verge, herd, pearl, learn, perch, stern, berth, inter, prefer, earnest, mercy, servant, perfect, certain, defer, jerking, superb, kernel, nerve, herbage, person, vertical, mirth, dirk, first, firm, mirky, quirle, quirk, gird, sir, dirt, dirl, girl, circulate, circular, circum.

Long oo and short oo are the same in quality but differ in quantity. **Bööm**, boot, cool, coop, doom, food, fool, goose, hoof, hoop, hoot, coot, loom, loop, loose, mood, moon, noon, ooze, pool, poor, rood, room, roost, soon. **Book**, brook, cook, crook, foot, good, wood, cooper.

The diphthong u (ü) is a combination of short y and long oo. The difficulty in uttering this sound is experienced when it is preceded by d, t, l, n, s and th. Short y is formed in the

back part of the mouth, and long oo in the extreme front. In passing from the preceding letter, which is formed in the front part of the mouth, to the u, the y sound is omitted unless care is given in pronouncing it.

Due, durable, tumult, lute, numerous, sue, suit, duke, tube, Tuesday, lure, nutriment, student, dupe, tune, lunacy, lucid, nucleus, stupid, duty, tutor, Lutheran, nude, numeral, superintend, institute, thurible.

When u is preceded by the sound ch, r, sh, or zh, the y is omitted.

Rue, rule, ruby, rumor, Rufus, Rudolph, sure, rude, ruse, ruin, rural, Rupert, chute, surety.

### RHYME AND PRONUNCIATION.

*In reading poetry, rhyme takes precedence over pronunciation unless the rhyme is absurd.*

In each of the following extracts the word printed in small capitals must be pronounced so as to rhyme with the word in italics:

“I loved thee long and dearly Florence *Vane*,  
My life’s bright dream and early hath come AGAIN.”

“And hailed him from out their youthful *lore*,  
With scraps of a slangy *REPERTOIRE*.”

“Can naught but blood our feud *atone*?  
Are there no means?” “No, Stranger, *NONE*.”

“But herein mean I to enrich my *pain*,  
To have his sight thither and back AGAIN.”

“Two bosoms interchained with an *oath*;  
So then, two bosoms, and a single *TROTH*.”

“About the wood go swifter than *WIND*,  
And Helena of Athens look thou *find*.”

“Threw down his target and his *plaid*,  
And to the Lowland warrior *sāid*.”

“Two bats for patterns, curious *fellows*;  
A charcoal pot and a pair of *BELLOWS*.”

No definite rule can be laid down to determine when

rhyme is absurd. Use common sense and consider custom and poetic license. The following are examples of conceded absurd rhyme:

“The infant a mother attended and *loved*;  
The mother that infant’s affection who **PROVED**.<sup>”</sup>

“For we are the same our fathers have *been*;  
We see the same sights our fathers have **SEEN**.<sup>”</sup>

“But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
So *forlorn*;  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
They are **GONE**.<sup>”</sup>

“ ‘Tis the last rose of summer,  
Left blooming *alone*;  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and **GONE**.<sup>”</sup>

“Not like bluff Harry’s radiant *queen*,  
But rather as she might have **BEEN**.<sup>”</sup>

#### MELODY.

The effect of Pitch, employed on all the words of a sentence, is called the Melody of Speech.

*Current Melody* is the effect of the rise and fall of the voice, employed on all the syllables of a sentence, except the last three, and is produced partly in the concrete and partly in the discrete scale.

The beauty of *Current Melody* consists in skillfully varying the pitch of the phrases as they progress, and in properly managing the rise and fall within the whole range of intonation. In unimpassioned speech, the voice in passing from one syllable to another, passes concretely through a whole tone on the musical scale. In impassioned speech, it may traverse the octave. In pathos, semitones predominate.

“I cannot vouch my tale is true, nor say indeed ’tis wholly new; but true or false, or new or old, I think you’ll find it fairly told.”

In impassioned speech, the voice may traverse the octave.

“How say’st thou now ?  
These are Clan-Alpine’s warriors true ;  
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu !”

In pathos, semitones predominate.

“Cold is thy brow, my son ! and I am chill, as to my bosom I have tried to press thee !”

*Melody of the Cadence.*—The intonation, applied to the last three syllables of a positive, declarative sentence, constitutes the Melody of the Cadence. To improve the melody of your voice, practice upon the passages given in the chapter on Serenity, Beauty, Love and Tranquility.

## PAUSES.

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### THE RHETORICAL PAUSE.

Attention to this pause, which is simply a breathing place or “gesture of the mind,” is essential to good reading.

The rhetorical pause is as manifest to the ear, as is the grammatical though not denoted by any visible sign. It wins the attention of your hearers, causes them to take in the portion of the thought just uttered and stimulates their imagination to conceive of what follows. The pause is made either before or after the utterance of an important word or phrase, on which it is especially desired to fix attention. A pause before the utterance of the important word or phrase awakens curiosity and excites expectation.

“When a mere child I once drew | a cart load of raw turnips over a wooden bridge. The people of the village noticed me ; I drew | their attention. I have always been more or less mixed up with art ; I have an uncle who takes | photographs, and I have a servant who takes | any thing he can get his hands on.”

The rhetorical pauses are here represented to the eye by perpendicular strokes.

When the pause occurs after the utterance of the important word or phrase, it carries the mind back to what has already been said.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand; |  
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall. | "

"The voice of Heaven summons you in these hours | when  
the leaves fall, and the winter is gathering."

A pause should always be made after an emphatic word  
and before and after a quotation.

#### GRAMMATICAL PAUSES.

*The Grammatical Pauses*, indicated by the punctuation marks, are used to give the author's meaning. The character of the utterance must determine their length. If the utterance is slow, the pauses will be longer than if the utterance is rapid.

*The Comma* denotes a momentary suspension of the thought, hence there must be a corresponding suspension of the voice. The voice is simply suspended with a very slight upward concrete or vanish.

"Since ever the world was fashioned,  
Water, and air, and sod,  
A music of divers meaning  
Has flowed from the hand of God."

*The Semicolon* indicates the partial closing of the sense. The voice on the word preceding the  semicolon, passes through three notes, alternately a tone below and above the other, with a downward vanish on the third.

"Doing well is the cause of a just sense of elevation of character; it clears and strengthens the spirits; it gives higher reaches of thought; it widens our benevolence, and makes the current of our peculiar affections *swift and deep*."

*The Period* usually denotes a complete closing of the sense and is made with the successively  downward radicals, from the key note of the current melody on the last three syllables of the sentence. The vanish, on the third radical, is downward to bring the current to a complete close. In the above sentence illustrating the use of the semicolon, the intonation is applied to the words *swift and deep*.

If the sense is not completed, being bound up in that

which follows, the intonation is that of the semicolon.

“Doing well has something more in it than the fulfilling of a duty. It is the cause of, etc.”

At the period, in the above sentence, the intonation is that of the semicolon. The thought is not complete as it is bound up in the sentence which follows—it is only a partial closing of the sense.

*The Penultimate Slide* is a simple upward slide of the voice on the last word of the penultimate clause, for the purpose of getting a good ending. This slide is used in selections of *solemnity, love, beauty, tranquility and serenity*; the *effusive orotund* and the *expulsive orotund*.

“Over the rail my hand I trail  
Within the shadow of the sail,  
A joy intense, the cooling *sense'*,  
Glides down my drowsy indolence.”

“\* \* \* are thrown out into one vast anarchy, wheeling and hurtling through the regions of *space'* without a law-giver and without a head.”

Place the penultimate slide on the words printed in italics.

*The Interrogation.* Direct questions, or those that cannot be answered by yes or no, take the rising inflection.

“Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys'?”

“King Agrippa believest thou the prophets'?”

Repeated questions take the rising inflection.

“What is my name'? Wild Zingarella.”

“Where was I born'? Far up in yon Sierra Nevadas.”

An interrogative sentence, which cannot be answered by yes or no, takes the falling inflection.

“Why was I born to taste this depth of woe'?  
Why closed not darkness over my infant life'?”

“Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth'?  
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light'?  
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams'?”

There is a class of sentences, the first part of which is *interrogative* and the latter part declarative, to which I desire to call attention. Instead of placing the interrogation point at the end of the sentence, it would be better to place it immediately after the interrogative words and close the sentence with a period. Only that part of the sentence which is interrogative should be read interrogatively.

Note the punctuation in the following sentence: "Shall we compare him with Peter the Great of Russia, who flourished in the beginning of the century, and hewed that political Colossus of the North into form and symmetry?" The first part of the sentence only is interrogative. It is not a question as to whether or not he "flourished in the beginning of the century, etc." History records that he did. The sentence should be punctuated as follows, and then there would be no danger of pupils reading it as wholly interrogative: "Shall we compare him with Peter the Great of Russia? who flourished in the beginning of the century, and hewed that political Colossus of the North into form and symmetry."

"Or shall we compare him with Frederick the Second of Prussia? to whom complacent public opinion has also accorded the epithet of 'Great'."

"Shall our coffers then  
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?  
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears  
When they have lost and forfeited themselves."

*The Exclamation.* A sentence, exclamatory in form, may be either declarative or interrogative in spirit.

"Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost'!  
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest'!  
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm'!  
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise'!"

"What if I have wronged my fellow men as well'!"

"Not care for gold! 'Twas all she cared for'."

*The Parenthesis.* The parenthetical clause or sentence should be read in a lower tone, and faster time than the main text, unless the idea contained in the parenthesis is important.

## THE EXPRESSION OF THE IDEA.

Emphasis is the mind's valuation of thought in expression and consists in making one or more words of a sentence stand out more prominently than the other words of the sentence.

If we would read as we speak, we must read ideas and not words, and speak all the words of a group, with one impulse of mind and voice.

Pronounce, or write upon the blackboard, the words "H-o-r-s-e," "El-ephant," "In-di-vid-u-al-i-ty," or the sentences: "The *flowers* are fading." "The *sun* has hid his rays." The first thought that will flash across the mind of the student, will be the idea represented—the mental conception of the subject.

All the words of a group should be uttered with one impulse of mind and voice just as we would utter the word "individuality."

## RULES FOR EMPHASIS.

1. *Every word expressing a new idea requires emphasis.*
2. *Words expressing that which is well known or understood, that about which nobody has any doubt, that which everybody concedes, need no emphasis.*

The subject and predicate of a sentence are usually emphatic. Articles, pronouns, conjunctions, etc., are, as a rule, unemphatic, though any part of speech may sometimes become emphatic.

The sentence, "Elocution is a useful study," involves both rules.

"Suffer not yourselves to be *betrayed* with a kiss." In this sentence, Patrick Henry desires to make the idea of non-betrayal emphatic and not that of the amount of the consideration of their betrayal.

"But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the *best* robe, and put it on him; and put a *ring* on his hand, and *shoes* on his feet." The only emphatic words are, *best robe*, *ring* and *shoes*.

Determine the emphatic words in the following sentences: "Are you going to the city to-day?" "Love laughs at locksmiths." "Thy duty has been nobly done." "And it was the

Sabbath day that the Lord made the clay and opened his eyes." "Heaven consists of all that is good and true; but Hell consists of all that is false and evil." "Slaves cannot breathe in England." "Speak the speech I pray you, as I pronounced it to you,—trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines." "I have gathered a posy of other men's flowers; nothing but the thread that binds them is my own." From the work-shop of the Golden Key, there issued a tinkling sound, so merry and good humored, that it suggested the idea of some one working blithely, and made quite pleasant music."

"And had he not high honor?  
 The hill-side for his pall;  
 To lie in state while angels wait  
 With stars for tapers tall;  
 And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,  
 Over his bier to wave;  
 And God's own hand, in that lonely land,  
 To lay him in the grave!"

In many cases the emphasis cannot be determined correctly without knowing the context.

Cassius—Do not presume too much upon my love;  
 I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brutus—You *have* done that you *should* be sorry for.

Here the words "may" and "shall" in the speech of Cassius are contrasted with the words "have" and "sorry." Without the context, the following would be the reading: "You *have* done *that* you *should* be *sorry* for."

A word or phrase is sometimes repeated for the purpose of more emphasis; as,

"To arms! to ARMS! to ARMS! they cry."

"The charge is *utterly*, TOTALLY, MEANLY false."

"Ay cluster there! Cling to your master, judges, ROMANS, SLAVES!"

"I defy the honorable *gentleman*; I defy the GOVERNMENT; I defy the whole PHALANX."

Ideas are made clear and distinct:

1. By giving the words with greater *force* than the other words of the sentence.

2. By giving the words more *time* than the other words of the sentence. When the accented syllables are open and long, the emphasis of time is much more thoughtful and graceful than that of force.

In the following examples the words requiring emphasis by force are printed in italics and those requiring emphasis by time in small capitals:

"*DEAR, gentle, patient, NOBLE* Nell was *dead*. No SLEEP so BEAUTIFUL and CALM."

"*GREAT, wide, BEAUTIFUL, wonderful WORLD,*  
With the wonderful WATER round ye curled,  
And the wonderful GRASS upon your breast—  
World, ye are BEAUTIFULLY drest."

3. By an upward or downward slide of the voice on the finish of the accented syllable of the word to be emphasized; as, Are you going to the city to-day?

4. By rhetorical pauses.

"My heart was wounded | with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim | with sorrow."

The long sounds of the vowels take emphasis by *time*; the short sounds emphasis by *force* or *slide*.

The power of emphasis depends upon concentration and proper distribution. These two principles should constantly be borne in mind. Don't emphasize too many words. Where all are generals, there are no privates.

### PITCH.

The High and the Low of the voice is called Pitch. It is a modification of voice to express feeling, and is recognized as Medium, High and Low. It may, however, be still further subdivided.

If the middle register or pitch of the voice is too high or

too low, it should, with due care, be trained up or down the scale.

The sentiment of a passage determines its Pitch.

*Medium Pitch* is employed in all unemotional language.

"Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.  
Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

*High Pitch* is used in shouting, command, joy and extreme grief. To secure High Pitch, begin at the middle register of the voice and ascend the musical scale four notes.

"On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

*Low Pitch*.—Solemnity, melancholy, reverence, awe and language of the supernatural require Low Pitch. For Low Pitch, descend the musical scale four notes from the middle register of the voice.

"'Tis midnight's holy hour,—and silence now  
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er  
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds  
The bell's deep tones are swelling—'tis the knell  
Of the departed year."

## FORCE.

Force relates to the power or loudness of the voice. It is the application of strength of voice in different degrees to express emotion and may be considered the light and shade of proper intonation.

Many persons do not discriminate between force and pitch. Remember that the one relates to the *power*, the other to the *high* and *low*, of the voice.

Force is known as Standard and Emphatic.

*Standard Force* is that general force given to all the words.

*Emphatic Force* is that special force given to the emphatic words.

*The Standard Force* varies with the general spirit of the selection; the *Emphatic Force* with the distinctive ideas. All

unemotional ideas require moderate force; earnest ideas, full force, and subdued ideas, soft force.

### MODERATE FORCE.

"It was a most interesting case. Mr. Groly was driven into our church one Sabbath by a shower of rain; and into whose pew should he come but ours. We noticed that Dr. Daidlaw's sermon affected him most powerfully, and he told us himself afterwards that he went away that day a new man."

### FULL FORCE.

"Oh! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,  
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;  
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,  
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudiun line!"

### SOFT FORCE.

"Perhaps, in the silent valley of death, the little one was thinking of the merry spring-time she had hoped to see."

### SLIDES OF THE VOICE.

The *Slide* is a continuous movement of the voice from one pitch to another.

Slides are Rising (') and Falling (^), and when united are known as the Wave or Circumflex (Δ V).

*Positive Language* takes the Falling Slide; as,

"The war must' go on.' We must' fight it through.'"

This slide creates a feeling of completion and gives power and strength to words.

*Negative or Doubtful Language* takes the Rising Slide; as,

"This is no Grecian fable of fountains running wine,'  
Of maids with snaky tresses' or sailors turned to swine.'"

This slide gives beauty and variety to the words.

"Come, *read'* to me some poem'—  
Some *simple'* and *heart'-felt lay*,  
\* \* \* \* \*

Not from the *grand old masters'*,  
Not from the *bards sublime.'*  
\* \* \* \* \*

Read from some *humbler*<sup>h</sup> poet,  
 Whose songs gushed from the *heart*,<sup>h</sup>  
 As *showers*<sup>h</sup> from the *clouds* of *summer*,<sup>h</sup>  
 Or *tears*<sup>h</sup> from the *eyelids*<sup>h</sup> start."

The sense and not the form of expression determines the inflections.

"Is that' the best' you can do'?" would be the reading if we were in doubt; but when we know certainly that it is not, we should read it, "Is that<sup>h</sup> the best<sup>h</sup> you can do<sup>h</sup>?"

When the terms of a sentence are arranged in twos, the first half of each term takes the rising slide and the second half the falling slide. "Sink' or swim,<sup>h</sup> live' or die,<sup>h</sup> sur'<sup>h</sup>vive or per'ish,<sup>h</sup> I give my hand' and my heart' to this vote."

When the terms of a sentence are arranged in threes, the voice is suspended on the first third of each term, goes up on the second third and down on the last third. "A man who united the wisdom of a philosopher and the policy of a great prince with the tastes of a sayter, the manners of a barbarian,<sup>h</sup> and the passions of a fiend."<sup>h</sup>

"The fearless soldier the profound strateg'ist, the heroic chief!"

The wave or circumflex is known as the Rising and Falling Circumflex and is used to express irony, doubt, scorn, reproach, contempt, implication, raillery, etc. The voice touches strongly and distinctly on the opening and the closing of the word, and passes lightly over the middle part.

The rising circumflex begins with the falling, and ends with the rising slide, the falling circumflex begins with the rising, and ends with the falling.

Positive assertions require the falling, and negative or doubtful assertions the rising circumflex. "Banished from Rome! What's <sup>h</sup>banished but set free from daily contact of the things I loathe?"

#### MONOTONE.

The Monotone is simply the absence of Melody. It is a near approach to one continuous tone of voice and indicates

solemnity, power, reverence and dread. It is much used in reading the Bible and the church service. The time is usually slow. Monotone must not be confounded with monotony.

### TIME.

Time relates to the rapidity of the utterances. It gives smoothness and is essential to agreeable speech. The prevailing spirit of a selection will determine the standard rate of utterance. The standard time is medium if the prevailing spirit is unemotional.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

In language of gayety and hasty action, the standard time is rapid.

"And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war."

In language of solemnity, awe and slow movement, the standard time is slow.

"The stillness of the house was death-like—all save the measured beat of the old clock on the mantle, with its agonizing throb—throb—throb!"

Time may be still further subdivided by the reader.

### READING OF QUOTATIONS

The time given to the reading of a quotation will be determined by the character and importance of the idea.

### STRESS.

Stress is a special force applied to individual sounds.

*Radical Stress* — is the application of sudden force to the opening of a tonic element as in the act of coughing. It is used in anger, fear, determined will, earnest argument, etc.

"You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate  
As reek o' the rotten fens,—whose loves I prize  
As the dead carcasses of unburied men,  
That do corrupt my air,—I banish you."

*Thorough Stress* ■■■ is the application of an even force to all parts of a sound as in oratorical styles.

"It is a grave thing when a State puts a *man* among her jewels, the glitter of whose fame makes doubtful acts look heroic."

*Vanishing Stress* — is sudden force applied to the close or vanish of a tonic element. It is the natural utterance of determined purpose, contempt, fierce and obstinate will.

"I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak; I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more."

*In Median Stress* ◆◆ the force swells out at the middle of the sound and is used in sentimental, grand, sublime and reverential styles. The characteristics of this stress are dignity and smoothness. It gives emphasis without abruptness.

"O lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best !  
If fifty girls were around you, I'd hardly see the rest ;  
Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,  
Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still."

*Tremor or Intermittent Stress* is a trembling of the voice which occurs in all emotions that enfeeble it. It expresses feebleness, old age, fatigue, grief, intense emotion, etc.

"O father Abbot,  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;  
Give him a little earth for charity."

### CLIMAX.

*A Climax* is a gradual rising in importance in the thought. Either words or phrases forming a climax should have more force or time given to each successive one.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life;

crown his temples with the silver of seventy years; and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro.—*Phillips*.

### EXPRESSION.

*Expression* is the utterance of words with their accompanying Emotions; suiting the voice to the thought to be expressed by a corresponding feeling or emotion.

Give life, coloring and reality to the mental picture by throwing yourself into the spirit of what you read. *Learn to feel.*

The reader must be physically as well as mentally in earnest. He must have energy, fire, animal galvanism—in other words, *physical earnestness*. He must put in motion a current of sympathy between speaker and hearer.

“The working of the body to the advantage of the mind is physical earnestness, and the speaker who lacks it comes far short of his duty. An impression is produced upon the hearer quite apart from and often in spite of the words uttered. It is a mesmeric influence, it is a reflection, it is feeling, it is thought produced by the physical earnestness of the speaker who is a galvanic battery on two legs. An influence goes out of the speaker thrilling the hearer with emotion.”

If you would keep your audience awake, do not allow yourself to go physically asleep.

### PATHOS.

#### PRINCIPLES INVOLVED.

1. *Natural voice*.—The medium of pure conversation.
2. *Effusive utterance*.—The voice is poured forth in a continuous stream.
3. *Slide of semitone*.—The progress of pitch through the interval of a half note on the musical scale. “It may be well to note that this pathetic slide is not measured by a half tone in all cases, but follows the voice in all its movements up and down the scale on the third, fifth and octave, always vanishing, however, on a minor chord.”

This slide must be handled very delicately or pathos will be turned into burlesque.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean;  
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
 In looking on the happy autumn fields,  
 And thinking of the days that are no more."

"Ah, Hal, I'll try ;  
 But in my throat there's something chokes,  
 Because you see, I've thought so long  
 To count her in among our folks.  
 I s'pose she must be happy now,  
 But still I will keep thinking too,  
 I could have kept all trouble off  
 By being tender, kind and true.  
 But maybe not, she's safe up there,  
 And when the Hand deals other strokes,  
 She'll stand at Heaven's gate, I know,  
 And wait to welcome in our folks."

"She sobbed, wringing her thin, white hands: Oh ! I can't believe it ! My babies ! Oh, my babies ! how often have I held them in my arms and kissed them; and how often they used to say back to me, 'I loves 'ou mamma,' and now, O God ! they've turned against me. Where am I going ? To the poor-house ! No ! no ! no ! I cannot ! I will not ! Oh, the disgrace ; O God ! spare me this and take me home ! "

And all at once the old man burst into sobs :—

"I have been to blame—to blame ! I have killed my son !  
 I have killed him—but I loved him—my dear son !  
 May God forgive me !—I have been to blame.  
 Kiss me, my children !"—*Tennyson's Dora.*

#### REPRESENTATIVE SELECTIONS.

*Pictures of Memory, Alice Cary.* *The Bridge of Sighs, Hood.* *Bingen on the Rhine, Norton.* *Our Folks, Lynn.*

*Note.*—The reader or speaker degrades his speech, when he allows himself to shed tears. To influence others, we must control ourselves. The artist controls and is not controlled.

## SOLEMNITY.

**PRINCIPLES INVOLVED.**—*Natural Voice, Effusive Utterance and Low Pitch.*

In this, as in the reading of pathos, natural voice and effusive utterance are used, but instead of slide of semitone, as in pathos, low pitch is required. To secure low pitch, begin at the middle register of the voice, and descend the musical scale four notes.

Solemnity and pathos are different degrees of sorrow ; the former less than the latter.

“How still and peaceful is the grave,  
Where,—life’s vain tumults past,—  
The appointed house, by Heaven’s decree,  
Receives us all at last ! ”

Representative selection, page 96 of this work.

## SERENITY, BEAUTY, LOVE AND TRANQUILITY.

**PRINCIPLES INVOLVED.**—*Natural Voice, Effusive Utterance and High Pitch.*

To secure High Pitch, begin at the middle register of the voice and ascend the musical scale four notes.

“Was it the chime of a tiny bell  
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,  
Like the silvery tone of a fairy’s shell,  
That he winds on the beach so mellow and clear,  
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,  
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,  
She dispensing her silvery light,  
And he his notes as silvery quite,  
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,  
To catch the music that comes from the shore :  
Hark ! the notes on my ear that play,  
Are set to words : as they float, they say,  
‘Passing away ! passing away ! ’ ”

Representative selection, page 115 of this book.

## GAYETY.

Selections of Gayety require great variety of intonation, rapid movement and high pitch. Flexibility of voice is indispensable.

"T' other day, as I was twining  
 Roses for a crown to dine in,  
 What, of all things, midst the heap,  
 Should I light on, fast asleep,  
 But the little desperate elf,—  
 The tiny traitor,—Love himself !  
 By the wings I pinched him up  
 Like a bee, and in a cup  
 Of my wine I plunged and sank him ;  
 And what d'ye think I did ?—I drank him !  
 Faith, I thought him dead. Not he !  
 There he lives with tenfold glee ;  
 And now this moment, with his wings,  
 I feel him tickling my heart-strings."

Representative selection, Daffodils, page 158.

**GRAND, SUBLIME AND REVERENTIAL SELECTIONS**  
 Require the Effusive Orotund form of expression.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society, where none intrudes,  
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar.  
 I love not man the less, but Nature more,  
 From these our interviews, in which I steal  
 From all I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

Representative selection, page 77.

## ORATORY

Is elevated talk or dignified conversation and requires the *Expulsive* form of *Orotund*. The speaker in public places needs a greater fullness and strength of voice than the ordinary conversational power of expression. This form of expression requires a separate expulsion of breath for each word or syllable.

Oratory is not the gift of nature alone. It it is the reward of assiduous effort and perfection in this art is the work of time and labor.

One, one, one, one, one, one.

My Lords, you have now heard the principles on which Mr. Hastings governs the part of Asia subjected to the British empire. Here he has declared his opinion, that he is a despotic prince ; that he is to use arbitrary power ; and, of course, all his acts are covered with that shield. "I know," says he, "The Constitution of Asia only from its practice." Will your Lordships submit to hear the corrupt practices of mankind made the principles of Government?—*Burke.*

Representative selections, pages 111, 123, 124, 130.

#### SELECTIONS OF ANGER, HURRY AND COMMOTION

Require the Explosive form of expression.

"Yield, madman, yield ! thy horse is down,  
Thou hast nor lance nor shield ;  
Fly !—I will grant thee time." "This flag  
Can neither fly nor yield ! "

Representative selections, pages 30, 87.

#### HUMOROUS SELECTIONS

Require great variety in intonation, with sudden flights of the voice from low pitch to very high pitch. The upper tones of the voice are peculiarly adapted to this style of selections.

#### NARRATIVE, DESCRIPTIVE AND DIDACTIC SELECTIONS

Require purity and variety of tone and distinctness of enunciation. They sometimes involve all the principles of the preceding styles.

##### NARRATIVE.

"At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted and very strangely scrawled, telling Nora what had happened ; and those who observed him noticed that he had no meat with his dinner. Indeed from that moment he lived on bread, pota-

toes and cold water, and worked as few men ever worked before.—It grew to be the talk of the shop, and now that sympathy was excited every one wanted to help Connor. Jobs were thrown in his way, kind words and friendly wishes helped him mightily; but no power could make him share the food or drink of any other workman. It seemed a sort of charity to him.”

#### DESCRIPTIVE.

“In fact Doctor Blimber’s establishment was a great hot-house, in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work. All the boys blew before their time. Mental green peas were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round.”

#### DIDACTIC.

“Speak the speech I pray you, as I pronounced it to you,—trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious perwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters,—to very rags,—to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o’erdoing Termagant: It out-Herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.”

#### BIBLE READING.

The reading of the sacred word requires the application of every principle in Elocution, and no where is Expression more richly rewarded.

The Bible should be read in a dignified, manly manner. Avoid any style that is *professional, inflated, flippant* or *familiar*. Mass all the words, phrases, clauses, or sentences which express a unit or one idea in one paragraph.

For the purpose of reading, the Bible may be classified as follows:

### NARRATIVE PASSAGES.

*The Plain Narrative* consists of the simple stories of the Bible. Genesis 4, 1-15. 2 Kings, 23. Luke 15, 11-32. St. John 9; 11.

*The Elevated Narrative* sometimes dips into the sublime; as, Exodus 3. 1 Kings 8, 1-63. The Acts 2, 14-41; 26, 1-30.

### DIDACTIC PASSAGES.

Matthew 5; 6; 7. St. John 3, 1-21; 10, 1-19; 14. Romans 3; 5; 8. 1 Corinthians 13; 15. Ephesians 4. 2 Corinthians 6.

### PASSAGES OF GRANDEUR, SUBLIMITY AND MAJESTY.

From the Prophetic writings. Job 38. Psalms 8; 18; 19; 29; 97; 113; 145. Isaiah 40; 53; 54; 55. Jeremiah 6; 7; 14; 22; 31. Habakkuk 3. Revelation 21.

*Tranquility*.—Psalm 23.

### PATHOS AND ENTREATY.

Psalms 6; 38; 39; 88; 142; 143.

### SOLEMNITY AND AWE.

Psalms 77, 10-20; 90; 103; 104; 139.

The student will find it profitable to increase the above lists of representative passages.

### HYMN READING.

Nearly all Hymns are prayers in material form, and require the Effusive Orotund form of utterance. Revelations, the greater part of the Old Testament and the Liturgy also employ the Effusive Orotund.

### IMPERSONATION

Is the representation, by a single person, of the words, manners, and actions of several persons. The coloring of the voice, the mental and physical peculiarities must all be in harmony with the character to be represented; they must be appropriate to the expression of the required thought. Impersonation requires careful study, with good judgment in its use.

The characters should be represented as speaking on the

oblique lines, while the words of the narrator should be given on the front line.

### DIALECT.

Is the characteristic coloring given to speech by local peculiarities or specific circumstances. The peculiar tone-coloring of the various dialects can be acquired by listening carefully to the conversation of those whom you wish to imitate, or by training under one who is skilled in this line of work.

The *Yankee* uses a nasal drawl and is careless in pronunciation.

In the *German* *w* is sounded like *v*, ‘wait’ *vait*, etc.; *th* hard like *d*, ‘that’ *dot*, etc.; *th* at end of a word like *t*, ‘health’ *helt*, etc.; *b* like *p* and *d* like *t*, ‘bad’ *pat*, etc.; *v* like *f*, ‘never’ *nefer*, etc.; *j* like *y*; ‘Jacob,’ *Yacup*, etc.; *k* has a guttural sound best represented by *kh*; *r* is always rolled or roughly trilled when followed by a vowel, and words of one syllable often sounded as though possessing two, ‘out’ *ow-et*, etc.

“My name it vas Fader Gander,  
Und I come vrom ofer yonder  
Ofer de hills, past Shones’s Mills—  
It vas efer so far avay.  
I came vrom a town in Vonderland,  
It’s a peautiful blace, you must understand,  
Vhere dhey nefer get late, dhey vas alvays on handt,  
But it’s efer so far avay.”

The *Irishman* uses short quantity, striking the syllables with a sharp percussive stroke, speaking each quickly and cutting off the sound abruptly; roll or trill all *r*’s when they follow a vowel, which is never permissible in English; pronounce long *o* like *ow*, ‘old’ *owld*, ‘roll’ *rowl*, ‘soul’ *sowl*, etc.; short *i* nearly like long *e*, ‘tin’ *teen*, etc.; *er* like *ar*, ‘serve’ *sarve*, etc.; short *e* like short *i*, ‘well’ *will*, etc.; long *e* like long *a*, ‘beat’ *bate*, etc.; short *a* like short *o*, ‘man’ *mon*, etc.

The words *feet*, *sweet*, *indeed*, etc., should not be pronounced “fate,” “swate,” “indade.” An *Irishman* invariably gives the double *e* its proper sound.

In some of the dialects the spelling serves as an index to the pronunciation.

## GESTURE

Is the manifestation of thought and feeling by means of the head, arms and limbs.

### PRINCIPAL POSITIONS OF THE FEET.

*Right Front.*—Right foot in advance, with the toes at an angle of about seventy degrees. The heel of the advanced foot should be on a line with the instep of the rear foot.

*Left Front.*—The relations of the feet are reversed.

### SECONDARY POSITIONS.

*Right Lateral.*—Turn to the right from a left front position, pivoting on the balls of the feet.

*Left Lateral.*—Turn to the left from a right front position.

### EXPRESSIVE MOVEMENTS OF THE LIMBS.

1. *Congenial Position.* Weight of body resting on the rear foot with the advanced knee slightly bent. The congenial positions are employed in expressing the quiet and genial states of the mind.

2. *Moderate Congenial Position.* A short graceful step forward, advancing body.

3. *Strong Congenial Position.* A long graceful step forward. The advanced knee should be pushed forward to a line with the toe, the rear foot resting lightly upon the toe.

4. *Emphatic Position.* Knees extended, with the weight of the body resting on both feet. The emphatic positions are employed to express bold, energetic and impassioned ideas.

5. *Moderate Emphatic Position.* A short abrupt step forward, advancing the body, the knees extended.

6. *Strong Emphatic Position.* A long abrupt step forward, advancing the body. Bring the advanced knee forward to a line with the toe. The rear foot must rest flat upon the floor.

7. *Aversive Position.* A very short abrupt step backward with the rear foot. In the aversive positions the hands should be brought up on a line with the advanced limb. The height of the hands will depend upon the degree of aversion or the position of the aversive object.

8. *Moderate Aversive Position.* A short abrupt step backward with the advanced foot.

9. *Strong Aversive Position.* A long abrupt step backward with the advanced foot.

10. *Concentrative or Base Position.* Heels together, weight of body resting on both feet. This position signifies egotism, conceit, etc.

11. *Moderate Concentrative.* Feet apart on the lateral lines. This is a position of vulgar repose, assumed in fatigue and in impersonating children and old people.

12. *Impersonative Positions.* Positions assumed in imitation of a character, real or imagined.

13. *Kneeling Positions.* (a.) Slide the advanced foot forward on the oblique line and rest upon the rear knee.

(b.) Slide the rear foot backward on the oblique line and rest upon the rear knee.

14. *Bowing Movements.* (a.) Advance to position on the platform and halt with the right foot in advance. Without pausing, draw the advanced foot back to the concentrative position; then bow by bending forward at the hips, allowing the hands to fall forward and into the lap. Keep the eyes on a line with the person or persons to whom you are bowing. Immediately after the bow resume the right front position, afterwards changing to the position the selection may demand.

(b.) After advancing to position take a long graceful step backward, at the same time inclining the body forward by bending at the hips, allowing the hands to fall into the lap.

15. *Retiring Movement.* In retiring from the platform take three or four steps backward inclining the body forward on a line with the advanced limb.

#### ARM MOVEMENTS.

The principal lines followed by the arms in gesture are, Front, Front Oblique, Lateral and Rear Oblique.

#### USES OF THE PRINCIPAL LINES.

*Front to Lateral* denotes expansion of thought; as, "I appeal to you, sir; TO THE WHOLE ASSEMBLY, YEA TO THE WHOLE WORLD!"

*Lateral to Front* denotes increase of force or directness; as, “*To such usurpation I will never submit; I REPEAT IT, SIR, I WILL NEVER SUBMIT; I WILL DIE FIRST!*”

### SUB-LINES.

Each principal line has three sub-lines; the Descending, the Horizontal and the Ascending. The Descending line is used in referring to objects, real or imagined, located below; low, base and groveling ideas. “See how that rug, those reptiles soil.”

The Ascending line is used in referring to objects, real or imagined, located above; pure and elevating thoughts. “The very trees were stripped and bare.”

Plain statement, ordinary description, in short everything else takes the Horizontal line.

Curved lines are congenial. Straight lines are emphatic.

### POSITIONS OF THE HANDS.

The positions of the open hands are, *Prone*, *Vertical* and *Supine*.

*The Prone Position* denotes super-position, one fact or principle resting upon another; also death and destruction. “Darkness covered the entire earth.”

*The Vertical Position* denotes aversion; as, “Red as blood.”

*The Supine Position* is used in ordinary debate, assertion, etc. “The war must go on.”

### KINDS OF GESTURE.

The two general divisions of gesture are *Objective* and *Subjective*. *Objective Gestures* refer to that which is without the body and are known as *Designative*, *Descriptive*, *Assertive* and *Figurative* or *Gestures of Analogy*.

*The Designative Gesture* designates or points out. It may employ the index finger; as, “Thou art the man.” Or, it may employ the open hand. The open hand is general in its application; the index finger, specific.

*The Descriptive Gesture* is used to describe objects and represent space.

*The Assertive Gesture* is used for the purpose of emphasis.

*Figurative Gestures or Gestures of Analogy.* Whether a thought is expressed literally or figuratively, the gesture is the same; as,

- (a.) This is the letter I brought you.
- (b.) This is the question for discussion.

In executing the gesture on these lines, bring the supine hand up to the horizontal on the front line.

*The Subjective Gestures* bring the hands towards the body and are significant. They signify inward feeling or emotion; such as placing the hand on the head in distress or pain, etc.

### THE QUALITIES OF GESTURE

Are: *Boldness* or *Freedom*, *Energy* or *Power*, *Propriety*—the proper gesture, *Precision*—at the proper time, *Variety*—adapting suitable gestures to each sentiment to avoid repeating one gesture too often, *Simplicity*, *Magnificence*—the vast amount of space through which the hand and arm are made to move, *Grace*—the result of the other qualities.

### THE POINTS IN THE ANALYSIS OF GESTURE

Are: the *Preparation*, the *Execution* and the *Return Movement*.

The Preparation should be made on the word or words preceding the emphatic word. If the first word of a sentence is emphatic the preparation must be made before uttering the word. The Ictus is the emphatic stroke of the wrist at the finish of the execution.

*The Return Movement* is simply bringing the hand from the Ictus to the side of the body after the execution of a gesture or a series of gestures.

### SPECIAL GESTURES.

*Right Hand Uplifted.*—Adjuration, Oath and Solemn Declaration; as, "I swear it shall not be." Or, in arresting attention; as, "Hark! the cry is Astur."

*Both Hands Uplifted.*—Awe, wonder, surprise; as, "How wonderful are thy works, O Lord!"

In Earnest and Sacred Aspirations; as, "Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us!"

In Benediction; as, "May Heaven's richest blessing rest upon you!"

In arousing calls; as, "To arms! to arms! Sir Consul!"

### THE INDEX FINGER.

1. Indication, Specific Reference, Emphatic Designation; as, "That man!"
2. Cautioning and Threatening; as, "Mark my tale with care."
3. Special Emphasis; as, "I will never yield."
4. Reproach, Scorn, Contempt; as, "Vipers! that creep where man despairs to climb."

### HANDS CLINCHED.

Extreme Emphasis, Anger and Defiance.

*Hands Applied*—Adoration.

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth."

*Hands Clasped*.—Supplication, Earnest Entreaty, Distress.

"Oh Lord, hear my cry."

*Hands Folded*—Humility.

"I acknowledge my sins."

### PRINCIPLE OF OPPOSITION.

The arms and body move in opposition, the greater the energy of the gesture, the greater the opposition. In objective gestures they move from each other; in subjective gestures, towards each other.

### EXERCISES FOR PRACTICE.

Each series consists of thirty-five movements,—twelve with the right hand, twelve with the left hand and eleven double movements.

*Congenial Movements*.—Front: 1. Descending; 2. Horizontal; 3. Ascending. Front Oblique: 4. Descending; 5. Horizontal; 6. Ascending. Lateral: 7. Descending; 8. Horizontal; 9. Ascending. Rear Oblique: 10. Descending, 11. Horizontal, 12. Ascending.

Begin with the right hand from a right front position. In the preparation of each movement, the hand must drop to the waist and then brought up at the opposite breast to the shoulder. In passing from the ninth movement to the tenth, with either hand, the advance foot should be brought back to

the rear oblique line. In the double movements the one on the horizontal plane, rear oblique line, is omitted. In passing to the eleventh or last of the double movements, the right foot should be brought back to the moderate aversive position.

Repeat the above series, clinching the hand on the Ictus.

*Emphatic Movements.*--1. Hand supine from side of head. 2. Index finger; hand vertical, from side of head. 3. Clinched hand from side of head. 4. Supine hand from opposite shoulder. 5. Prone hand from opposite shoulder. 6. Index finger, hand prone, from opposite shoulder. 7. Supine hand from the side of the body or base position of the hands.

#### THE FEATURES.

*Joy, Happiness, Benevolence, Good Humor*--Countenance open and smiling.

*Anger Defiance, Hatred*--The eyes flash, the brows contract, the lips compress.

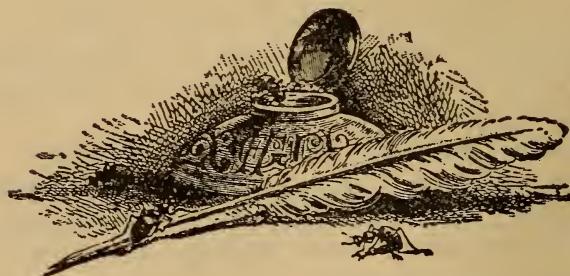
*Scorn, Pride*--Lips and nose elevated.

*Surprise, Fear, Secresy*--The brows elevated, the eyes opened, the lips parted.

*Grief*--The eyes half closed, the face dejected.

*Shame*--Eyes cast down.

*Supplication*--Eyes raised.



## PART SECOND.

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### SCORER'S SUCCESSFUL RECITATIONS.

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#### SONG OF THE CAMP.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

"GIVE us a Song!" the soldiers cried,  
The outer trenches guarding,  
When the heated guns of the camps allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,  
Lay, grim and threatening, under;  
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:  
"We storm the forts to-morrow;  
Sing while we may, another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon;  
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;  
Forgot was Britain's glory:  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang:

"Maxwelton braes are bonnie,  
Where early fa's the dew;  
And it's there that Annie Laurie

Gie'd me her promise true,  
 Gie'd me her promise true,  
 Which ne'er forgot shall be,  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'll lay me doune and dee."

Voice after voice caught up :

"Her brow is like the snaw drift,  
 Her throat is like the swan;  
 Her face it is the fairest  
 That e'er the sun shone on,  
 That e'er the sun shone on;  
 And dark blue is her e'e,  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie  
 I'd lay me doune and dee."

Until its tender passion  
 Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—  
 Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,  
 But, as the song grew louder,  
 Something upon the soldier's cheek,  
 Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
 The bloody sunset's embers,  
 While the Crimean valleys learned  
 How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell  
 Rained on the Russian quarters,  
 With scream of shot, and burst of shell,  
 And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
 For a singer, dumb and gory;  
 And English Mary mourns for him  
 Who sang :  
 "She's all the world to me,  
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie,  
 I'll lay me doune and dee."

THE POLISH BOY.

THE POLISH BOY.

WHENCE came those shrieks, so wild and shrill,  
That like an arrow cleave the air,  
Causing the blood to creep and thrill  
With such sharp cadence of despair?  
Once more they come! as if a heart  
Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,  
And every string had voice apart  
To utter its peculiar woe!

Whence came they? From yon temple, where  
An altar raised for private prayer,  
Now forms the warrior's marble bed,  
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.  
The dim funereal tapers throw  
A holy lustre o'er his brow,  
And burnish with their rays of light  
The mass of curls that gather bright  
Above the haughty brow and eye  
Of a young boy that's kneeling by.

What hand is that whose icy press  
Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,  
But meets no answering caress—  
No thrilling fingers seek its clasp?  
It is the hand of her whose cry  
Rang wildly late upon the air,  
When the dead warrior met her eye,  
Outstretched upon the altar there.

Now with white lips and broken moan  
She sinks beside the altar stone;  
But hark! the heavy tramp of feet,  
Is heard along the gloomy street,  
Nearer and nearer yet they come,  
With clanking arms and noiseless drum.  
Now whispered curses, low and deep  
Around the holy temple creep.  
The gate is burst. A ruffian band  
Rush in and savagely demand,  
With brutal voice and oath profane,  
The startled boy for exile's chain.

The mother sprang with gesture wild,  
 And to her bosom snatched the child ;  
 Then with pale cheek and flashing eye,  
 Shouted with fearful energy,—  
 “ Back, ruffians, back ! nor dare to tread  
 Too near the body of my dead !  
 Nor touch the living boy—I stand  
 Between him and your lawless band !

\* \* \* \* \*

Take me, and bind these arms, these hands,  
 With Russia's heaviest iron bands,  
 And drag me to Siberia's wild  
 To perish, if 'twill save my child ! ”

“ Peace, woman, peace ! ” the leader cried,  
 Tearing the pale boy from her side ;  
 And in his ruffian grasp he bore  
 His victim to temple door.

“ One moment ! one ;  
 Can land or gold redeem my son ?  
 If so, I bend my Polish knee,  
 And, Russia, ask a boon of thee.  
 Take palaces, take lands, take all,  
 But leave him free from Russian thrall.  
 Take these,” and her white arms and hands  
 She stripped of rings and diamond bands,  
 And tore from braids of long black hair  
 The gems that gleamed like star-light there ;  
 Unclasped the brilliant coronal  
 And carcanet of orient pearl ;  
 Her cross of blazing rubies last  
 Down to the Russian's feet she cast.

He stooped to seize the glittering store ;  
 Upspringing from the marble floor,  
 The mother with a cry of joy,  
 Snatched to her leaping heart the boy !

But no — the Russian's iron grasp  
 Again undid the mother's clasp.

Forward she fell, with one long cry,  
Of more than mortal agony.  
But the brave child is roused at length,  
And breaking from the Russian's hold,  
He stands, a giant in the strength  
Of his young spirit, fierce and bold.

Proudly he towers, his flashing eye,  
So blue and fiercely bright,  
Seems lighted from the eternal sky,  
So brilliant is its light.  
His curling lips and crimson cheeks  
Foretell the thought before he speaks.  
With a full voice of proud command  
He turns upon the wondering band.

“Ye hold me not! no, no, nor can;  
This hour has made the boy a man.  
I knelt beside my slaughtered sire,  
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire;  
I wept upon his marble brow—  
Yes, wept—I was a child; but now  
My noble mother on her knee,  
Has done the work of years for me.”

He drew aside his broidered vest,  
And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,  
The jeweled haft of poinard bright,  
Glittered a moment on the sight.

“Ha! start ye back! Fool! coward! knave!  
Think ye my noble father's glave,  
Would drink the life blood of a slave?  
The pearls that on the handle flame,  
Would blush to rubies in their shame!  
The blade would quiver in thy breast,  
Ashamed of such ignoble rest!  
No; thus I rend thy tyrant's chain.  
And fling him back a boy's disdain!”

A moment, and the funereal light  
Flashed on the jeweled weapon bright;  
Another, and his young heart's blood  
Leaped to the floor a crimson flood.

Quick to his mother's side he sprang,  
And on the air his clear voice rang—  
“Up, mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!  
The choice was death or slavery;  
Speak, mother speak—lift up thy head.  
What, silent still? Then thou art dead!  
Great God, I thank thee! Mother, I  
Rejoice with thee, and thus to die.”

ANN S. STEPHENS.

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### THE ENCOUNTER OF MILES STANDISH WITH THE INDIANS.

JUST in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from  
the meadows,  
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of  
Plymouth;  
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative,  
“Forward!”  
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.  
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowy out of the village.  
**S**tandish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous  
army,  
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the  
white men,  
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the  
savage.  
After a three days' march he came to an Indian encamp-  
ment  
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and  
the forest;  
Women at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with  
war-paint,  
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;  
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the  
white men,  
**S**aw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and  
musket,

Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,  
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present;  
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.  
Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers gigantic in stature,  
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan;  
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.  
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,  
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.  
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.  
“Welcome, English!” they said,—these words they had learned from the traders  
Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.  
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,  
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,  
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,  
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,  
Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!  
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,  
Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.  
Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,  
And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain:  
“Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the captain,  
Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat  
Is not afraid of the sight. He was not born of a woman,

But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,  
Forth he sprang at a bound with all his weapons about him  
Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wat-tawamat?'"  
Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade  
on his left hand,  
Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle,  
Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning:  
"I have another at home, with the face of a man on the  
handle;  
By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of  
children!"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting  
Miles Standish:  
While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at  
his bosom,  
Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as  
he muttered,  
"By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall  
speak not!  
This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to  
destroy us!  
He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of  
Indians  
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,  
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-  
strings,  
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their  
ambush.  
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them  
smoothly;  
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of  
the fathers.  
But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt,  
and the insult,  
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurs-ton de Standish,

Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of  
his temples.  
Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his  
knife from its scabbard,  
Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage  
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness  
upon it.  
Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of  
the war-whoop,  
And like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of  
December,  
Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery  
arrows.  
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came  
the lightning,  
Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran  
before it.  
Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in  
thicket,  
Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave  
Wattawamat,  
Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet  
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands  
clutching the greensward,  
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his  
fathers.  
Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart  
Miles Standish.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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### DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING-MACHINE.

IF ever there lived a Yankee lad,  
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,  
Who, seeing the birds fly, did n't jump  
With flapping arms from stake or stump,  
Or, spreading the tail  
Of his coat for a sail,  
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,

And wonder why  
*He could n't fly,*  
 And flap and flutter and wish and try,—  
 If ever you knew a country dunce  
 Who did n't try that as often as once,  
 All I can say is, that 's a sign  
 He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green :  
 The son of a farmer,—age fourteen ; .  
 His body was long and lank and lean,—  
 Just right for flying, as will be seen ;  
 He had two eyes as bright as a bean,  
 And a freckled nose that grew between,  
 A little awry,—for I must mention  
 That he had riveted his attention  
 Upon his wonderful invention,  
 Till his nose seemed bent  
 To catch the scent,  
 Around some corner, of new-baked pies,  
 And his wrinkled cheeks and his squinting eyes  
 Grew puckered into a queer grimace,  
 That made him look very droll in the face,  
 And also very wise.

And wise he must have been, to do more  
 Than ever a genius did before,  
 Excepting Dædalus of yore  
 And his son Icarus, who wore  
 Upon their backs  
 Those wings of wax  
 He had read of in the old almanacs.  
 Darius was clearly of the opinion,  
 That the air is *also* man's dominion,  
 And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,  
 We soon or late  
 Shall navigate  
 The azure as now we sail the sea.  
 The thing looks simple enough to me ;  
 And if you doubt it,  
 Hear how Darius reasoned about it.

"The birds can fly,  
 An' why can't I?  
 Must we give in,  
 'T the bluebird an' phœbe  
 Are smarter 'n we be?  
 Jest fold our hands an' see the swaller  
 An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?  
 Does the leetle chatterin', sassy wren,  
 No bigger 'n my thumb, know more than men?  
 Jest show me that!  
 Er prove 't the bat  
 Hez got more brains than's in my hat,  
 An' I'll back down, an' not till then!""

"Ner I can't see  
 What's th' use o' wings to a bumble-bee,  
 Fur to git a livin' with, mor'n to me;—  
 Ain't my business  
 Importanter 'n his'n is?  
 That Icarus  
 Was a silly cuss,—  
 Him an' his daddy Dædalus.  
 They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax  
 Woudn't stand sun-heat an' hard whacks.  
 I'll make mine o' luther  
 Ur suthin or other.  
 But I ain't goin' to show my hand  
 To nummies that never can understand  
 The fust idee that's big an' grand.  
 They'd 'a' laft an' made fun  
 O' Creation itself, afore 't was done!""

So he kept his secret from all the rest,  
 Safely buttoned within his vest;  
 And in the loft above the shed  
 Himself he locks, with thimble and thread  
 And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,  
 And all such things as geniuses use;—  
 Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!  
 A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;  
 An old hoop-skirt or two, as well as

Some wire, and several old umbrellas ;  
 A carriage-cover for tail and wings ;  
 A piece of a harness ; and straps and strings ;  
 And a big strong box,  
 In which he locks  
 These and a hundred other things.

His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke  
 And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk  
 Around the corner to see him work.  
 But vainly they mounted each other's backs,  
 And poked through knot-holes and pried through cracks ;  
 With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks  
 He plugged the knot-holes and calked the cracks ;  
 And a bucket of water, which one would think  
 He had brought up into the loft to drink  
 When he chanced to be dry,  
 Stood always nigh,  
 For Darius was sly !  
 And whenever at work he happened to spy  
 At a chink or crevice a blinking eye,  
 He let a dipper of water fly.  
 "Take that ! an' ef ever ye git a peep,  
 Guess ye 'll ketch a weasle asleep !"  
 And he sings as he locks  
 His big strong box :—

## SONG.

"The weasel's head is small an' trim,  
 An' he is little an' long an' slim,  
 An' quick of motion an' nimble of limb,  
 An' ef yeou 'll be  
 Advised by me,  
 Keep wide awake when ye 're ketchin' him !"

So day after day  
 He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,  
 Till at last 't was done,—  
 The greatest invention under the sun !  
 "An' now," says Darius, "hooray fer some fun !"

'T was the Fourth of July,  
 And the weather was dry,  
 And not a cloud was on all the sky,  
 Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,  
     Half mist, half air,  
 Like foam on the ocean went floating by,—  
 Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen  
 For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.

Thought cunning Darius: “Now I sha’n’t go  
 Along ’ith the fellers to see the show.  
 I ’ll say I ’ve got sich a terrible cough !  
 An’ then when the folks ’ave all gone off,  
     I ’ll hev full swing  
     Fer to try the thing,  
 An’ practyse a leetle on the wing.”

“Ain’t goin’ to see the celebration ? ”  
 Says Brother Nate. “No; botheration !  
 I ’ve got sich a cold—a toothache—I—  
 My gracious!—feel’s though I should fly ! ”

Said Jotham, “Sho!  
 Guess ye better go.”  
 But Darius said, “No!  
 Should n’t wonder ’f yeou might see me, though,  
 ’Long ’bout noon, ef I git red  
 O’ this jumpin’, thumpin’ pain ’n my head.”  
 For all the time to himself he said:—

“I tell ye what!  
 I ’ll fly a few times around the lot,  
 To see how ’t seems, then soon ’s I ’ve got  
 The hang o’ the thing, ez likely ’s not,  
     I ’ll astonish the nation,  
     An’ all creation,  
 By flyin’ over the celebration !  
 Over their heads I ’ll sail like an eagle;  
 I ’ll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;  
 I ’ll dance on the chimbleys; I ’l stan’ on the steeple;  
 I ’ll flop up to the winders an’ scare the people!

I 'll light on the libbe'ty-pole an' crow;  
 An' I 'll say to the gawpin' fools below,  
     'What world 's this 'ere  
     That I 've come near? '  
 Fer I 'll make 'em b'lieve I 'm a chap f'm the moon ;  
 An' I 'll try a race 'ith their ol' bulloon ! "  
     He crept from his bed ;  
 And seeing the others were gone, he said,  
     " I'm a gittin' over the cold 'n my head."  
     And away he sped,  
 To open the wonderful box in the shed.

His brothers had walked but a little way,  
 When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,  
     " What on airth is he up to, hey? "  
     " Don'o,—the' s suthin' ur other to pay,  
 Er he would n't 'a' stayed to hum to day."  
 Says Burke, " His toothache's all 'n his eye !  
     He never'd miss a Fo'th-o-July,  
     Ef hed n't got some machine to try."  
 Then Sol, the little one, spoke : " By darn !  
 Le' s hurry back an' hide 'n the barn,  
 An' pay him fer tellin' us that yarn ! "  
 " Agreed ! " Through the orchard they creep back,  
 Along by the fences, behind the stack,  
 And one by one, through a hole in the wall,  
 In under the dusty barn they crawl,  
 Dressed in their Sunday garments all ;  
 And a very astonishing sight was that,  
 When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat  
 Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.  
     And there they hid ;  
     And Reuben slid  
 The fastenings back, and the door undid,  
     " Keep dark !  
 While I squint an' see what the' is to see."

As knights of old put on their mail,—  
     From head to foot  
     An iron suit,  
 Iron jacket and Iron boot,

Iron breeches, and on the head  
No hat, but an iron pot instead.

And under the chin the bail,  
(I believe they call the thing a helm,) .  
And the lid they carried they called a shield;  
And, thus accoutred, they took the field,  
Sallying forth to overwhelm  
The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm,—

So this modern knight,  
Prepared for flight,  
Put on his wings and strapped them tight;  
Jointed and jaunty, strong and light;  
Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip,—  
Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!  
And a helm had he, but that he wore,  
Not on his head, like those of yore,  
But more like the helm of a ship.

“ Hush ! ”  
“ He’s up in the shed !  
He’s opened the winder,—I see his head !  
He stretches it out,  
An’ pokes it about,  
Lookin’ to see ’f the coast is clear,  
An’ nobody near ;—  
Guess he don’o’ who’s hid in here !  
He ’s riggin’ a spring-board over the sill !  
Stop laffin’, Solomon ! Burke, keep still !  
He ’s a climbin’ out now— Of all the things !  
What’s he got on ? I van, it ’s wings !  
An’ that t’other thing ? I yum, it ’s a tail !  
An’ there he sets like a hawk on a rail !”  
Away he goes ! Jimminy ! what a jump !

As a demon is hurled by an angel’s spear,  
Heels over head, to his proper sphere,—  
Heels over head, and head over heels,  
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels,—  
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,  
In the midst of the barn-yard, he came down,  
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,  
Broken braces and broken springs,

Broken tail and broken wings,  
 Shooting-stars and various things,—  
 Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,  
 And much that was n't so sweet by half.  
 Away with a bellow fled the calf,  
 And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?

'T is a merry roar  
 From the old barn-door,  
 And he hears the voice of Jotham crying,  
 "Say, D'rius! how do yeou like flyin'?"

Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,  
 Darius just turned and looked that way,  
 As he staunched his sorrowful nose with his cuff,  
 "Wal, I like flyin' well enough,  
 But the' ain't such a thunderin' sight  
 O' fun in 't when ye come to light."

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

### THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

( IRISH DIALECT. )

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,  
 'T was on a market day:  
 A low-backed car she drove, and sat  
 Upon a truss of hay;  
 But when that hay was blooming grass,  
 And decked with flowers of spring,  
 No flower was there that could compare  
 With the blooming girl I sing.  
 As she sat in the low-backed car,  
 The man with the turnpike bar  
 Never asked for the toll,  
 But just rubbed his owld poll,  
 And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,  
 The proud and mighty Mars  
 With hostile scythes demands his tithes  
 Of death in warlike cars;

While Peggy, peaceful goddess,  
 Has darts in her bright eye,  
 That knocked men down in the market town  
     As right and left they fly;  
 While she sits in her low-backed car,  
 Than battle more dangerous far,—  
     For the doctor's art  
         Cannot cure the heart,  
 That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,  
 Has strings of ducks and geese,  
 But the scores of hearts she slaughters  
     By far outnumber these;  
 While she among her poultry sits,  
     Just like a turtle-dove,  
 Well worth the cage, I do engage,  
     Of the blooming god of Love!  
 While she sits in her low-backed car,  
 The lovers come near and far,  
     And envy the chicken  
         That Peggy is pickin',  
 As she sits in her low-backed car.

O, I'd rather own that car, sir,  
 With Peggy by my side,  
 Than a coach and four, and gold *galore*,  
     And a lady for my bride;  
 For the lady would sit forinst me,  
     On a cushion made with taste,  
 While Peggy would sit beside me,  
     With my arm around her waist,  
 While we drove in the low-backed car,  
 To be married by Father Mahar;  
     O, my heart would beat high  
         At her glance and her sigh,—  
 Though it beat in a low-backed car!

SAMUEL LOVER.

## CONNOR.

"To the memory of Patrick Connor; this simple stone was erected by his fellow-workmen."

THOSE words you may read any day upon a white slab in a cemetery not many miles from New York; but you might read them an hundred times without guessing at the little tragedy they indicate, without knowing the humble romance which ended with the placing of that stone above the dust of one poor humble man.

In his shabby frieze jacket and mud-laden brogans, he was scarcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawne's great tin and hardware shop one day and presented himself at the counter with an,

"Iye been tould ye advertized for hands, yer honor."

"Fully supplied, my man."

"I'd work faithfully, sir, and take low wages, till I could do better, and I'd learn—I would that."

It was an Irish brogue.

The tone attracted him. He addressed the man, who was only one of fifty who had answered his advertisement for four workmen that morning.

"What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks—are you any smarter!"

"I'll not say that; but I'd be wishing to; and that would make it aisier."

"Are you used to the work?"

"Iye done a bit of it."

"Much?"

"No, yer honor, I'll tell ye no lie, Tim O'Toole had n't the like of this place; but I know a bit about tins."

"You are too old for an apprentice, and you'd be in the way I calculate," said Mr. Bawne, looking at the brawny arms and bright eyes that promised strength and intelligence. "Besides I know your country-men—lazy good-for-nothing fellows who never do their best. No, I've been taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have another."

"The Virgin will have to be after bringing them over to me in her two arms, thin, for I've tramped all the day for the last fortnight, and niver a job can I get, and that's the last penny I have, yer honor, and it's but a half one."

As he spoke he spread his palm open with an English half-penny in it.

"Bring whom over?" asked Mr. Bawne, arrested by the odd speech.

"Jist Nora and Jamesy."

"Who are they?"

"The wan's me wife, the other me child. O masther, just thry me. How'll I bring 'em over to me, if no one will give me a job? I want to be airning, and the whole big city seems against it, and me with arms like them."

He bared his arms to the shoulder as he spoke, and Mr. Bawne looked at them, and then at his face.

"I'll hire you for a week, and now, as it's noon, go down to the kitchen and tell the girl to get you some dinner —a hungry man can't work."

With an Irish blessing, the new hand obeyed, while Mr. Bawne, untying his apron, went up stairs to his own meal. Suspicious as he was of the new hand's integrity and ability, he was agreeably disappointed. Connor worked hard, and actually learned fast. At the end of a week he was engaged permanently, and soon was the best workman in the shop.

He was a great talker, but not fond of drink or wasting money. As his wages grew, he hoarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he made his first appearance.

"Beer costs money," he said one day, "and ivery cint I spind puts off the bringing Nora and Jamesy over; and as for clothes, them I have must do me. Better no coat to my back than no wife and boy by my fire-side; and anyhow, it's slow work saving."

It was slow work, but he kept at it all the same. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun, tried to make him drink; made a jest of his saving habits, coaxed him to accompany them to places of amusement, or to share in their Sunday frolics.

All in vain. Connor liked fun, liked companionship; but he would not delay that long-looked-for bringing of Nora over, and was not "mane enough" to accept favor of others. He kept his way, a martyr to his one great wish, living on little, working at night on any extra job by which he could earn a few shillings, running errands

in his noon-tide hours of rest, and talking to any one who would listen to him of his one great hope, and of Nora and of little Jamesy.

At first the men who prided themselves on being all Americans, and on turning out the best work in the city, made a sort of butt of Connor, whose "wild Irish" ways and verdancy were indeed often laughable. But he won their hearts at last, and when one day mounting a work-bench, he shook his little bundle, wrapped in a red kerchief, before their eyes, and shouted, "Look, boys; I've got the whole at last! I'm going to bring Nora and Jamesy over at last! Hurra, Whorooo!!" All felt sympathy in his joy, and each grasped his great hand in cordial congratulations, and one proposed to treat all round, and drink a good voyage to Nora.

They parted in a merry mood, most of the men going to comfortable homes. But poor Connor's resting-place was a poor lodging-house, where he shared a crazy garret with four other men, and in the joy of his heart the poor fellow exhibited his handkerchief, before he put it under his pillow and fell asleep.

When he awakened in the morning he found his treasure gone; some villain, more contemptible than most bad men, had robbed him.

At first Connor could not even believe it lost. He searched every corner of the room, shook his quilt and blankets, and begged those about him "to quit joking, and give it back."

But at last he realized the truth—

"Is any man that bad that it's thaved from me?"  
"Boys, is any man that bad?" Some one answered:  
"No doubt of it, Connor; it's sthole."

Then Connor put his head down on his hands and lifted up his voice and wept. It was one of those sights which men never forget. It seemed more than he could bear, to have Nora and his child "put," as he expressed it, "months away from him again."

But when he went to work that day it seemed to all who saw him that he had picked up a new determination. His hands were never idle. His face seemed to say, "I'll have Nora with me yet."

At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted and very strangely scrawled, telling Nora what had happened; and those who observed him noticed that he had no meat with his dinner. Indeed from that moment he lived on bread, potatoes, and cold water, and worked as few men ever worked before.—It grew to be the talk of the shop, and, now that sympathy was excited, every one wanted to help Connor. Jobs were thrown in his way, kind words and friendly wishes helped him mightily; but no power could make him share the food or drink of any other workman. It seemed a sort of charity to him.

Still he was helped along. A present from Mr. Bawne at pay day, set Nora, as he said, “a week nearer,” and this, that and the other added to the little hoard. It grew faster than the first, and Connor’s burden was not so heavy. At last before he hoped it, he was once more able to say, “I’m going to bring them over,” and to show his handkerchief, in which, as before, he tied up his earnings; this time, however, only to his friends. Cautious among strangers, he hid the treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it night and day until the tickets were bought and sent. Then every man, woman and child, capable of hearing or understanding knew that Nora and her baby were coming.

The days flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife.

She would start as he desired, and she was well and so was the boy, and “might the Lord bring them safely to each other’s arms and bless them who had been so kind to him.” That was the substance of the epistle which Connor proudly assured his fellow-workmen Nora wrote herself. She had lived at service as a girl, with a certain good old lady, who had given her the items of an education, which Connor told upon his fingers. “The radin’, that’s one, and the writen,—the writen, that’s three, and moreover, she knows all that a woman can.” Then he looked up with tears in his eyes, and asked,—“Do you wondher the time seems long between me an’ her, boys?”

So it was. Nora at the dawn of day—Nora at noon—Nora at night—until the news came that the Stormy Pet-

rel had come to port, and Connor, breathless and pale with excitement, flung his cap in the air and shouted.

It happened on a holiday afternoon, and half-a-dozen men were ready to go with Connor to the steamer and give his wife a greeting. Her little home was ready; Mr. Bawne's own servant had put it in order, and Connor took one peep at it before he started.

"Ah! look at that will ye? She hadn't the like of that in the old countrry, but she'll know how to keep them tidy, she will that."

Then he led the way towards the dock where the steamer lay, and at a pace that made it hard for the rest to follow him. The spot was reached at last; a crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; a troop of emigrants came thronging up; fine cabin passengers were stepping into cabs, and drivers, porters, and all manner of employees were yelling and shouting in the usual manner. Nora would wait on board for her husband, he knew that.

The little group made their way into the vessel at last, and there, amid those who sat watching for coming friends, Connor searched for the two so dear to him; patiently at first, eagerly but patiently, but by-and-by growing anxious and excited.

"She would never go alone, she'd be lost entirely; I bade her wait, but I don't see her, boys; I think she's not in it."

"Why don't you see the captain?" asked one, and Connor jumped at the suggestion. In a few minutes he stood before a portly, rubicund man, who nodded to him kindly.

"I am looking for my wife, yer honor, and I can't find her."

"Perhaps she's gone ashore, my man."

"I bade her wait."

"Women don't always do as they are bid, you know."

"Nora would, but maybe she was left behind. Maybe she didn't come. I somehow think she didn't."

At the name of Nora the Captain started. In a moment he asked:

"What is your name?"

"Pat Connor."

"And your wife's name was Nora?"

"That's her name, and the boy with her is Jamesy, yer honor," said Connor.

The captain looked at Connor's friends, they looked at the captain. Then he said: "Sit down, my man; I've got something to tell you."

"She's left behind."

"She sailed with us."

"Where is she?"

"My man, we all have our trials; God sends them. Yes—Nora started with us."

Connor said nothing. He was looking at the captain now, white to his lips.

"It's been a sickly season, we have had illness on board—the cholera. You know that."

"I didn't. I can't read; they kept it from me."

"You know how long we lay at Quarantine?"

"The ship I came in did that. Did ye say Nora went ashore? Ought I be looking for her, captain?"

"Many died, many children. When we were half way here your boy was taken sick."

"Jamesy," gasped Connor.

"His mother watched him night and day, and we did all we could, but at last he died; only one of many. There were five buried that day. But it almost broke my heart to see the mother looking out upon the water. "It's his father I think of," said she, "he's longing to see poor Jamesy."

Connor groaned.

"Keep up if you can, my man, (I wish any one else had it to tell rather than I). That night Nora was taken ill also; very suddenly, she grew worse fast. In the morning she called me to her and said, 'Tell Connor I died thinking of him, tell him to meet me.' And my man, God help you, she never said anything more—in an hour she was gone."

Connor had risen. He stood looking at the captain with his eyes dry as two stones. Then turned to his friends and exclaimed:—

"Boys, I've got my death," then dropped to the deck like a log.

They raised him and bore him away. In an hour he was at home on the little bed which had been made ready for Nora, weary with her long voyage. There at last, he opened his eyes. Old Mr. Bawne bent over him; he had been summoned by the news, and the room was full of Connor's fellow-workmen.

"Better, Connor?" asked the old man.

"A dale," said Connor. "It's aisy now; I'll be with her soon. And look ye, masther, I've learnt one thing—God is good; He wouldn't let me bring Nora over to me, but he's takin' me over to her, and Jamesy over the river; don't you see him and her standin' on the other side to welcome me?"

And with these words Connor stretched out his arms. Perhaps he did see Nora—Heaven only knows—and so died.

DR. PARKER.

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#### CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of death  
Rode the six hundred.  
"Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!" he said.  
Into the valley of death,  
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"  
Was there a man dismayed?  
Not though the soldiers knew  
Some one had blundered:  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die:  
Into the valley of death,  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to the right of them,  
Cannon to the left of them,  
Cannon in front of them,  
    Volleyed and thundered:  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well:  
Into the jaws of death,  
Into the mouth of hell,  
    Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air,  
Sab'ring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
    All the world wondered:  
Plunged in the battery smoke,  
Right through the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reeled from the saber-stroke,  
    Shattered and sundered.  
Then they rode back—but not,  
    Not the six hundred.

Cannon to the right of them,  
Cannon to the left of them,  
Cannon behind them,  
    Volleyed and thundered:  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well,  
Came through the jaws of death,  
Back from the mouth of hell,  
All that was left of them,  
    Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
Oh, the wild charge they made!  
    All the world wondered.  
Honor the charge they made!  
Honor the Light Brigade,  
    Noble six hundred.

## “IMPH—M.”

(SCOTCH DIALECT.)

When I was a laddie langsyne at the schule,  
 The maister aye ca'd me a dunce an' a fule;  
 For somehoo his words I could ne'er un'erstan',  
 Unless when he bawled “Jamie! haud oot yer han'!”  
 Then I gloom'd, and said “Imph-m,”  
 I glunch'd, and said “Imph-m—”  
 I wasna owre proud, but owre dour to say a-y-e!

Ae day a queer word, as lang nebbit's himsel',  
 He vow'd he would thrash me if I wadna spell,  
 Quo I, “maister Quill! 'wi' a kin' o' a swither,  
 “I'll spell ye the word if ye'll spell me anither.  
 Let's hear ye spell ‘Imph-m,’  
 That common word ‘Imph-m,’  
 That auld Scotch word ‘Imph-m,’ ye ken it means a-y-e!”

Had ye seen hoo he glowr'd, hoo he scratched his big pate,  
 An' shouted, “ye villain, get oot o' my gate!  
 Get aff to yer seat! yer the plague o' the schule!  
 The de'il o' me kens if yer maist rogue or fule.”  
 But I only said “Imph-m,”  
 That pawkie word “Imph-m,”  
 He couldna spell “Imph-m,” that stands for an a-y-e!

An' when a brisk wooer, I courted my Jean—  
 O' Avon's braw lasses the pride an' the queen—  
 When 'neath my grey plaidie, wi' heart beatin' fain,  
 I speired in a whisper if she'd be my ain.  
 She blush'd, an' said “Imph-m,”  
 That charming word “Imph-m,”  
 A thoosan' times better an' sweeter than-A-y-e!

Just ae thing I wanted my bliss to complete—  
 Ae kiss frae her rosy mou', cauthie an' sweet—

But a shake o' her heid was her only reply—  
 Of course, that said No, but I kent she meant A-y-e,  
     For her twa een said "Imph-m,"  
     Her red lips said "Imph-m,"  
 Her hale face said "Imph-m," an' "Imph-m" means A-y-e.  
 JAMES NICHOLSON.

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## THE COURTIN'.

( YANKEE DIALECT. )

God makes sech nights, all white an' still  
     Fur 'z you can look or listen.  
 Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,  
     All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown  
     An' peeked in thru' the winder,  
     An' there sot Huldy all alone,  
     'Ith no one nigh to hinder.

A fireplace filled the room's one side  
     With half a cord o' wood in —  
 There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)  
     To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out  
     Towards the pootiest, bless her,  
     An' leetle flames danced all about  
     The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,  
     An' in amongst 'em rusted  
 The ole queen's arm that gran'ther Young  
     Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,  
 Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',  
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin'  
 Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look  
 On sech a blessed creetur,  
 A dogrose blusheen' to a brook  
 Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,  
 Clean grit an' human natur';  
 None could n't quicker pitch a ton  
 Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,  
 Had squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,  
 Fust this one, an' then that, by spells —  
 All is, he could n't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run  
 All crinkly like curled maple,  
 The side she bresched felt full o' sun,  
 Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed 'sech a swing  
 Ez hisn in the choir;  
 My ! when he made Ole Hundred ring,  
 She knowed the Lord was nigher.

An she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,  
 When her new meetin'-bunnet  
 Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair  
 O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*  
 She seemed to 've gut a new soul,  
 For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,  
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu'  
A-raspin' on the scraper,—  
All ways to once her feelin's flew  
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,  
Some doubtfle o' the sekle,  
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,  
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk  
Ez though she wished him furder,  
An' on her apples kep' to work,  
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"  
"Wal . . . no . . . I come designin'"—  
"To see my ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es  
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals act so or so,  
Or don't 'ould be presumin';  
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*  
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,  
Then stood a spell on t'other,  
An' on which one he felt the wust  
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";  
Says she, "Think likely, Mister";  
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,  
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,  
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,  
All kin' o' smily 'roun the lips  
An' teary 'roun the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind  
 Whose naturs never vary,  
 Like streams that keep a summer mind  
 Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued  
 Too tight for all expressin',  
 Tell mother see how matters stood,  
 An gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide  
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,  
 An' all I know is they was cried  
 In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

### HOW "RUBY" PLAYED.

YANKEE DIALECT. )

Jud Browning, when visiting New York, heard Rubinstein perform upon the piano, and after his return to his home in Vermont, is supposed to give the following description of the performance to a number of his friends:

Wall, sir, he hed the blamedest, biggest, catty-cornedest pianner you ever laid eyes onter; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The led wus histed, and mighty wall it wus. If it hedn't a been, he'd a tore the intire enside clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

*Eh, played well?* Er-ugh! Wall I reckon; but don't interrupt me. When he fust sot down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin' and wisht he hedn't come. He tweedle-leed'ed a leetle on the treble, and twoodle-oodlled some on the base—jest foolin and boxin' the things jaws for bein' in his way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, says I: "What sort of fool playin' do you call that?" "Heish!" But presently his hands commenced chasin'

one another up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it wus sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel tarnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

Says I, to my neighbor, says I, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a-doin' it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me a tune of some kind or other I'd—"

"Heish!"

I wus jest about to git up and go hum, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird wakin' up away off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see that Rubin wus beginnin' to take some interest in his business, and I sot down agin. It wus the peep o' day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh, some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Jest then the fust beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a leetle more, and techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it wus broad day, the sun fairly blazed, the birds sang like they'd split thar leetle throats; all the leaves wus a movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the hull wide world wus bright and happy as a king. Peared to me like thar wus a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick woman or child anywhar. It wus a fine mornin'.

Says I to my neighbor, says I: "That's what I call music, that is."

But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child fur its dead mother, and I could a got up then and thar and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. Thar warn't a thing in the world left to live fur, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want that music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than it was to be miserable without bein' happy. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head, pulled out my handkerchief, and sneezed, real loud like to keep from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway; I didn't want anybody

a-gazin' at me a-snivlin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's my own. But some several glared at me mad as blazes. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He r-r-r-ripped and he r-r-r-rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me like all the gas in the house wus turned on at the same time, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and I didn't care for nobody or nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball all goin' on at the same time. He r-r-r-ripped into them keys like a thousand of brick; he give 'em no rest night or day; he sot every livin' jint in me a-goin' and not bein' able to stand it any longer, I jumped spang onto my feet, and jest hollered:

*"Go it Ruby, old boy, go it!"*

Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, "Put him out!" "Put him out!" "Put him out!"

"Put your great grandmother's grizzly gray greenish cat into the middle of next month!" says I. "Tech me if you dare? I paid my money—Oh you jest come a-nigh me."

With that several policemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a-fit any fool that laid hands on me, fur I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

He changed his tune agin. He hop-light ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the key-board. He played low, and soft and solemn. I heard the church bell-l-ls over the hills. The candles of heaven wus lit; one by one I saw the stars rise.. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end and all the angels went to prayers. Then the music changed to water, full of feelin' that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop—drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. Oh it wus sweeter than that. It wus as sweet as a sweetheart sweetened with white sugar mixed with powdered silver and seed diamonds. Oh jest too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin, he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, "Much obleegeed, but I'd ruther you

wouldn't interrup' me."

He stopt a minute or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeves, he opened his coat tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over and, sir, he jest went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks until she fairly yelled. He ran a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the base, till he got clean into the bowels of the arth, whar you could hear thunder galloping after thu-n-der, through the hollows and caves of pardition; then fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got away out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes wus finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard two'd, he crossed over fust gentleman, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and thar, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-eleven thousand double bow knots.

Oh by jinks! it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fetched up his right wing, he fetched up his left wing, he fetched up his centre, he fetched up his resarves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon—siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve pounders yonder—big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortar, mines and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor came up an' the ceilin' come down, the sky split, an' the ground rokt,—heavens and earth, creation, sweet-potatoes, glory, ninepences, ten-penny nails, Sampson in a 'simmon tree, p-r-r-r-! p-r-r-r-r!! p-r-r-r-r!!! Bang!!!

With that bang! he lifted himself bodily into the a'r and he came down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, strikin' every single solitary

key on that pianner at the same time. An' the thing busted  
and went off into seventeen hundred fifty-seven thousand  
five hundred and forty-two heme-demi-semi quivers, and I  
know'd no more'.

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### JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell  
Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well:—  
Brief is the glory that hero earns,  
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:  
He was the fellow who won renown—  
One of the men who didn't back down  
When the rebels rode through his native town;  
But he held his own in the fight next day,  
When all his townsfolk ran away.  
That was in July, sixty-three,  
The very day that General Lee,  
Flower of southern chivalry,  
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled  
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how, but the day before,  
John Burns stood at his cottage door,  
Looking down the village street,  
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,  
He heard the low of his gathered kine,  
And felt their breath with incense sweet;  
Or I might say, when the sunset burned  
The old farm gable, he thought it turned  
The milk, that fell in a babbling flood  
Into the milk-pail, red as blood!  
Or how he fancied the hum of bees  
Were bullets whizzing among the trees.

But all such fanciful thoughts as these  
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,  
Who minded only his own concerns,

Troubled no more by fancies fine,  
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine—  
Quite old-fashioned, and matter-of-fact,  
Slow to argue, but quick to act.  
That was the reason, as some folks say,  
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right  
Raged for hours the heavy fight,  
Thundered the battery's double bass—  
Difficult music for men to face;  
While on the left—where now the graves  
Undulate like the living waves  
That all the day unceasing swept  
Up to the pits the rebels kept—  
Round shot plowed the upland glades,  
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;  
Shattered fences here and there  
Tossed their splinters in the air;  
The very trees were stripped and bare;  
The barns that once held yellow grain  
Were heaped with harvests of the slain.  
The cattle bellowed on the plain,  
The turkeys screamed with might and main,  
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest  
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,  
Erect and lonely, stood old John Burns.

How do you think the man was dressed?  
He wore an ancient, long buff vest,  
Yellow as saffron—but his best;  
And, buttoned over his manly breast  
Was a bright blue coat with a rolling collar,  
And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar—  
With tails that country-folk called “swaller.”  
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,  
White as the locks on which it sat.  
Never had such a sight been seen

For forty years on the village-green,  
Since John Burns was a country beau,  
And went to the "quilting" long ago.

Close at his elbows, all that day  
Veterans of the Peninsula,  
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away,  
And striplings, downy of lip and chin,—  
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in —  
Glanced as they passed at the hat he wore,  
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;  
And hailed him from out their youthful lore,  
With scraps of a slangy *repertoire*:  
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!"  
"Your head's level!" and, "Bully for you!"  
Called him "Daddy" — and begged he'd disclose  
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,  
And what was the value he set on those;  
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,  
Stood there picking the rebels off —  
With his long, brown rifle and bell-crown hat,  
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'T was but a moment, for that respect  
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;  
And something the wildest could understand  
Spake in the old man's strong right hand,  
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown  
Of his eyebrows under his old-bell crown;  
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe  
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,  
In the antique vestments and long white hair  
The Past of the Nation in battle there.  
And some of the soldiers since declare  
That the gleam of the old man's hat afar,  
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,  
That day was their oriflamme of war.  
Thus raged the battle. You know the rest;  
How the rebels, beaten, and backward pressed,  
Broke at the final charge and ran.

At which John Burns — a practical man  
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,  
And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns;  
This is the moral the hearer learns:  
In fighting the battle, the question is whether  
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather.

BRET HARTE.

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### THE TWO BOOT-BLACKS.

A day or two ago during a lull in business, two little boot-blacks, one white and one black, were standing at the corners doing nothing, when the white boot-black agreed to black the black boot-black's boots. The black boot-black was of course willing to have his boots blacked by his fellow boot-black, and the boot-black who had agreed to black the black boot-black's boots went to work.

When the boot-black had blacked one of the black boot-black's boots till it shone in a manner that would make any boot-black proud, this boot-black who had agreed to black the black boot-black's boots refused to black the other boot of the black boot-black until the black boot-black, who had consented to have the white boot-black black his boots, should add five cents to the amount the white boot-black had made blacking other men's boots. This the boot-black whose boot had been blacked refused to do, saying it was good enough for a black boot-black to have one boot blacked, and he didn't care whether the boot that the white boot-black hadn't blacked was blacked or not.

This made the boot-black who had blacked the black boot-black's boot as angry as a boot-black often gets, and he vented his black wrath by spitting upon the blackened boot of the black boot-black. This roused the latent passions of the black boot-black, and he proceeded to boot the white boot-black with the boot which the white boot-

black had blacked. A fight ensued, in which the white boot-black who had refused to black the unblacked boot of the black boot-black, blacked the black boot-black's visionary organ, and in which the black boot-black wore all the blacking off his blacked boot in booting the white boot-black.

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### THE RUGGLESES' DINNER-PARTY.

(The character of Mrs. Ruggles is that of a New England fish-wife.)

Before the earliest Ruggles could awake and toot his five-cent tin horn, Mrs. Ruggles was up and stirring, for it was a gala day in the family. Her nine "childern" had been invited to a dinner-party at the great house across the way, and she had been preparing for the occasion ever since the receipt of the invitation.

As soon as the scanty breakfast was over, Mrs. Ruggles announced the plan of the campaign :

"Now, Susan, you an' Kitty wash up the dishes; an' Peter, can't you spread up the beds, so 't I can git ter cuttin' out Larry's new suit? I ain't satisfied with his close, an' I thought in the night of a way to make him a dress out of my old plaid shawl—kinder Scotch style, yer know. You other boys clear out from under foot! Clem, you and Con hop into bed with Larry while I wash yer underflannins. Sara Maud, I think 'twould be perfeckly han'som if you ripped them brass buttons off yer uncle's perliceman's coat an' sewed 'em in a row up the front o' yer green skirt. Susan you must iron out yours an' Kitty's apurns; an' there, I came mighty near forgettin' Peory's stockin's! I counted the hull lot last night when I was washin' of 'em, an there ain't but nineteen anyhow yer fix 'em, an' no nine pairs mates nohow; an' I ain't goin' ter have my childern wear odd stockin's to a dinner comp'ny, brought up as I was. Eily, run an' ask Mis Cullen ter lend me a pair o' stockings for Peory, an' tell her if she will Peory'll give Jim half her candy when she gets home. Won't yer Peory?"

Peoria was young and greedy, and thought the remedy so much worse than the disease that she set up a deafening howl at the projected bargain.

"No, no, I won't lick yer Christmas day, if yer drive me crazy; but speak up smart, now, 'n say whether yer'd ruther give Jim Cullen half yer candy or go bare-legged ter the party?"

The matter being put so plainly, Peoria dried her tears and chose the lesser evil.

"That's a lady. Now, you young ones that ain't doin' nothin', play all yer want ter before noontime, for after ye git through eatin', me 'n Sara Maud's goin' ter give yer sech a washin' an' a combin' an a dressin' as yer never had afore an' never will agin, an' then I'm goin' ter set yer down an' give yer two solid hours trainin' in manners; an' 'twont be no foolin' nuther."

"All we've got ter do's go eat!"

"Well, that's enough. There's more 'n one way of eatin', let me tell yer, an' you've got a heap ter learn about it, Peter Ruggles."

The big Ruggleses worked so well that by one o'clock nine toilets were laid out in solemn grandeur. The law of compensation had been well applied; he that had necktie had no cuffs; she that had sash had no handkerchief; but they all had boots and a certain amount of clothing.

"Now, Sarah Maud, everythin' is red up an' we can begin. I've got a boiler 'n a kettle 'n pot o' hot water. Peter, you go into the bedroom, an' I'll take Susan, Kitty, Peory an' Cornelius; an' Sarah Maud, you take Clem, 'n Eily, 'n Larry, an' git as fur as you can with 'em, an' then I'll finish 'em off while you do yourself.

Sara Maud couldn't have scrubbed with more decision if she had been doing floors. Not being satisfied with the "tone" of their complexions, she wound up by applying Bristol brick from the knife-board, from under which the little Ruggleses issued red, raw and out of temper. When the clock struck three they were ready for the last touches. Then—exciting moment—came linen collars for some and neckties and bows for others, and Eureka! the Ruggleses were dressed, and Solomon in all his glory

was not arrayed like one of these. A row of seats was formed down the middle of the kitchen, and Mrs. Ruggles surveyed them proudly as she wiped the sweat of honest toil from her brow.

" Well, if I do say so as shouldn't, I never see a cleaner, more stylicher mess o' childern in my life! Now, I've of'n told ye what kind of a family the McGrills was. I've got reason to be proud; your uncle is on the po-lice force o' New York City. Now, I want ter see how yer goin' ter behave when yer git there ter-night. Let's start in at the beginnin' 'n act out the hull business. Pile into the bedroom every one of ye, an' show me how yer goin' ter go into the parlor. This 'll be the parlor, an' I 'll be Mis' Bird."

The youngsters hustled into the next room in high glee. Presently there ensued such a clatter that you would have thought a herd of wild cattle had broken loose; the door opened and they straggled in, the little ones giggling, with Sarah Maud at the head, looking as if she had been caught stealing sheep, while Larry disgraced himself by tumbling in head foremost.

" There, I knew yer'd do it in some sech fool way; try it agin, 'n if Larry can't come in on two legs he can stay ter hum!"

The matter began to assume a grave aspect; the little Ruggleses stopped giggling and issued presently with lock step, Indian file, a scared expression on every countenance.

" No, no, no! Yer look for all the world like a gang o' pris'ners; there ain't no style ter that; spread out more, an' act kind o' careless like—nobody's goin' ter kill yer!"

The third time brought success.

" Now, yer know there ain't enough decent hats to go round an' if there was I don't know's I 'd let yer wear 'em, for the boys would never think to take 'em off. Now, look me in the eye. Yer needn't wear no hats, none of yer, an' when yer git into the parlor 'n they ask yer to lay off yer hats, Sarah Maud must speak up an' say it was sech a pleasant evenin' an' sech a short walk that ye left yer hats to hum. Now can ye remember?"

All the little Ruggleses shouted, "Yes marm." "Yes marm." "Yes marm."

"What have *you* got ter do with it; did I tell *you* to say it? Wasn't I talking to Sarah Maud? Now, git up, all of ye, an' try it. Speak up, Sarah Maud."

Sarah Maud's tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

"Quick!"

"Ma thought—it was—sech a pleasant hat that we'd—we'd better leave our short walk to home."

Oh dear, oh dear! whatever shall I do with yer?" "I suppose I've to teach it to yer!"

"Now, Cornelius, what are you goin' ter say ter make yourself good comp'ny?"

"I dunno!"

"Well, ye ain't goin' to set there like a bump on a log 'thout sayin' a word ter pay for yer vittles, air ye? Ask Mis' Bird how she's feelin' this evenin', or if Mr. Bird's havin' a busy season, or somethin' like that. Now, we'll make believe we've got ter the dinner; that won't be so hard, 'cause yer'll have something to do; its awful bothersome ter stan' round an' act stylish. If they have napkins, Sarah Maud down to Peory may put 'em in their laps, 'n the rest of ye can tuck 'em in yer necks. Don't eat with yer fingers; don't grab no vittles off one 'nother's plates; don't reach out for nothin', but wait till yer asked, 'n if yer never git asked, don't git up and grab it; don't spill nothin' on the tablecloth, or like 's not Mis' Bird 'll send yer away from the table. Now, we'll try a few things ter see how they'll go. Mr Clement, do you eat cramb'ry sarse?"

"Ye bet yer life!"

"Clement Ruggles, do ye mean to tell me that yer 'd say that to a dinner-party? I'll give ye one more chance. Mr. Clement, will ye take some of the cramb'rys?"

"Yes marm, thank ye kindly, if yer happen ter have any handy."

"Very good, indeed! Mr. Peter do you speak for white or dark meat?"

"I ain't partic'lar as ter color; anythin' that nobody else wants will suit me."

"First rate! nobody could speak more genteel than

that. Miss Kitty, will you have hard or soft sarse with your pudden!"

"A little of both, if you please, an' I'm much obliged."

"You just stop yer lafin', Peter Ruggles; that was all right. Now, is there anythin' more ye'd like to practize?"

"If yer tell me one more thing I can't set up an' eat, I'm so cram full o' manners now I'm ready to bust 'thout no dinner at all."

"Well, I'm sorry for yer, Peter Ruggles, if the 'mount o' manners yer've got on hand troubles ye, you're dreadful easy hurt! Now, Sarah Maud, after dinner, about once in so often you must say, 'I guess we'd better be goin';' an' if they say, 'Oh, no; set a while longer,' yer can stay; but if they don't say nothin' yer've got ter git up an' git. Can you remember?"

"Well, seems as if this hull dinner-party sot right square on top o' me! May be I could manage my own manners, but ter manage nine mannerses is worse 'n stayin' to hum!"

"Oh, don't fret; I guess you'll git along. Now yer can go, an' whatever yer do, don't forget yer mother was a McGrill!"

The children went, Sarah Maud reciting under her breath, "It-was-sech-a-pleasant-evenin'-an'-sech-a-short walk-we-thought-we'd-leave-our-hats-to-hum." A servant admitted them and, whispering in Sarah's ear, drew her down stairs. The other Ruggleses stood in horror-stricken groops as the door closed behind their commanding officer. But there was no time for reflection, for a voice said, "Come right up stairs, please." Accordingly they went up stairs. But it was fate that Mrs. Bird should say, "Did you lay your hats in the hall?" Peter felt himself elected by circumstance the head of the family, and said, "It was so very pleasant that—that—" "That we hadn't good hats enough to go round," put in Susan, and then froze with horror that the ill-fated words had slipped off her tongue.

At half-past five the dinner-table stood revealed and the Ruggleses, forgetting that their mother was a Mc-Grill, shrieked in admiration. Larry climbed up like a squirrel into the high chair that was set for him, clapped

his hands and cried, "I beat the hull lot o' yer!"

Peter nudged Kitty, who sat next him, and said: "Look, will yer, ev'ry feller's got his own partic'lar butter; I s'pose that's to show yer can eat that much 'n no more. No, it ain't nuther, for that pig of a Peory's just gittin' another helpin'!"

"Yes," whispered Kitty, "an' the napkins is marked with big red letters; I wonder if that's so nobody 'll nip 'em; an' oh, Peter, look at the pictures painted right on ter the dishes; did you ever!"

"The plums is all took out o' my cramb'ry sarse, an' it's friz to a jell!" shouted Peoria.

"Hi—yah! I got a wish-bone;" sung Larry.

"I declare to goodness, there's so much to look at I can't scrasely eat nothin'!" murmured Susan.

"Bet yer life I can!" said Peter, who had kept one servant busy ever since he sat down.

The feast being over, a door was opened and there stood the brilliantly lighted Christmas tree, glittering with gilded walnuts, and wreathed with snowy chains of pop-corn. You can well believe that everybody was very merry. All the family said they had never seen so much happiness in the space of three hours; and when, at half-past eight, the little Ruggleses were sent home, it was with the happiest of thoughts about Ruggleses' Dinner-party.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

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#### IN AN ATELIER.

I pray you, do not turn your head;  
And let your hands lie folded, so.  
It was a dress like this, wine-red,  
That Dante liked so, long ago.  
You don't know Dante? Never mind.  
He loved a lady wondrous fair—  
His model? Something of the kind.  
I wonder if she had your hair!

I wonder if she looked so meek,  
And was not meek at all (my dear,  
I want that side light on your cheek).  
He loved her, it is very clear,  
And painted her, as I paint you,  
But rather better, on the whole  
(Depress your chin; yes, that will do):  
*He was a painter of the soul!*

(And painted portraits, too, I think,  
In the INFERNO—devilish good!  
I'd make some certain critics blink  
If I'd his method and his mood.)  
Her name was (Fanny, let your glance  
Rest there, by that majolica tray)—  
Was Beatrice; they met by chance—  
They met by chance, the usual way.

(As you and I met, months ago,  
Do you remember? How your feet  
Went crinkle-crinkle on the snow  
Along the bleak gas-lighted street!  
An instant in the drug-store's glare  
You stood as in a golden frame,  
And then I swore it, then and there,  
To hand your sweetness down to fame.)

They met, and loved, and never wed  
(All this was long before our time),  
And though they died, they are not dead—  
Such endless youth gives mortal rhyme!  
Still walks the earth, with haughty mien,  
Great Dante, in his soul's distress;  
And still the lovely Florentine  
Goes lovely in her wine-red dress.

You do not understand at all?  
He was a poet; on his page  
He drew her; and, though kingdoms fall,  
This lady lives from age to age:

A poet—that means painter too,  
For words are colors rightly laid ;  
And they outlast our brightest hue,  
For varnish cracks and crimsons fade.

The poets—they are lucky ones !  
When *we* are thrust upon the shelves,  
Our works turn into skeletons  
Almost as quickly as ourselves ;  
For our poor canvas peels at length,  
At length is prized—when all is bare :  
“ What grace ! ” the critics cry, “ what strength ! ”  
When neither strength nor grace is there.

Ah, Fanny, I am sick at heart,  
It is so little one can do ;  
We talk our jargon—live for Art !  
I’d much prefer to live for you.  
How dull and lifeless colors are !  
You smile, and all my picture lies :  
I wish that I could crush a star  
To make a pigment for your eyes.

Yes, child, I know I’m out of tune ;  
The light is bad ; the sky is gray :  
I’ll paint no more this afternoon,  
So lay your royal gear away.  
Besides, you’re moody—chin on hand—  
I know not what—not in the vein—  
Not like Anne Bullen, sweet and bland :  
You sit there smiling in disdain.

Not like bluff Harry’s radiant Queen,  
Unconscious of the coming woe,  
But rather as she might have been,  
Preparing for the headsman’s blow.  
I see ! I’ve put you in a miff—  
Sitting bolt-upright, wrist on wrist.  
How *should* you look ? Why, dear, as if—  
Somehow—as if you’d just been kissed !

T. B. ALDRICH.

## CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

( ITALIAN DIALECT.)

**EXPLANATION.**—Seignior De Ponce was engaged to deliver the address at a recent Columbian Celebration. A few days prior to the date of his engagement, he, accompanied by his wife, went to Washington. Shortly after their arrival in the “Capital City,” the wife was taken sick and he was unable to keep his appointment. The president of the celebration, a swarthy Italian, attempts to make the speech.

\***NOTE.**—The names in the last two paragraphs of this selection should be changed as required to be in harmony with the times.

## THE SPEECH.

Ladies a' Gent: I very sorry th' night, to be a compella to mak' a de excuze for dis great a de man—De Ponce.

You know he a great a de man, a man a can mak' a great a de speech. You know it am no fake—de man dat mak' a de lan'. This a great a de man, De Ponce, he go to de city de Wash' to see de Prez. an' Jimmy Balain; an' de wife a tak' a de seeck, an' he can no come to pre-side de night at dis a great a de meet.

I am no great a de man to mak' a de speech, but I try do best I can. If I mak' a bad a break, I trust you mak' a de excuze.

Well, you know dis a great a country. We sell a de banan', we squeeze it to mak' it de ripe. We sell a de penuta, a grind a de org', a hab a de munk', anything to mak' a de mun.

Well, about a four a hundred year—about a four a hundred—I cannot tell what to talk about, but I glad to see you here de night.

Well you know dis a great country—Americ'. You know de man dat mak' a dis a great Americ'—ah-ah-ah-eh?—yes, Crist de Columb. He a great a de man dis Crist de Columb. He go to de king Fortinan, an' he say to de King Fortinan, “Me like a hab a de ships, de solds, de mun, to go mak' a de new discov'.” An' King Fortinan he say, “Yes, go, tak' a de ships, de mun, de solds an' mak' a de new discov'.” So he go a four a five a

day on de-de-de-de wat. Finely he mak' a de land an' find a de Ind'. Crist de Columb expecit to hab a de fight, but de Ind. get down on de knee, an' he say to Crist de Columb, "Are you Crist de Columb?" An Crist de Columb say, "Yes." De Ind. say, "Den we're dis-cov'ed."

An other a great a de man, de first prez of dis great a United State, er-er-what de name-de-name-George de Wash. He do a great a thing for dis great a United State. He mak' a dis grate a United State independ.

An other man, they call Abe de Linc. He do a great a de thing for de poor nig'. He mak' a de poor nig a de free.

Gen' Gran he a great a de man, with heart true like a de steel an' strong like a de iron. He fight to keep de whole of dis great a United State. Gen' Lee he fight too. He want part of dis great a United State. But Gen' Gran' say, "no! me want to keep de whole of dis a great a United State."

\*Jimmy Balaine, he a great a de man too. He want to be de nex' prez of dis great a United State but Beny Harris' say, "No, me want to be de nex' prez of dis great a United State meself."

An other great a de man, de man that mak' de high tar'ff—Billy McKin'. He a great a de man. De people mak' him gov' of de great State o' Ohi'. He want to be de nex' prez o' dis great United—but-but-er-er. Me can no' tell what to say, but I glad to see you here de night. I said I was no great a de man to mak' a de speech. I mak' a de break, I trust you make a de excuze.

ARR. BY J. G. SCORER.

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A very talkative youth came to Socrates to study oratory. The philosopher charged him two prices, stating as a reason, that he must teach the youth two sciences; how to hold his tongue, and how to speak.

An affected young lady, on being asked in a large company, if she had read Shakspeare, assumed a look of astonishment and replied: "Read Shakspeare! Of course I have; I read that when it first came out."

## A NIGHT OF TROUBLES.

Truly last night was a night of troubles to us. We was kept awake all the forepart of the night with cats fightin'. It does beat all how they went on, how many there was of 'em I don't know; Josiah thought there was upwards of 50. I myself made a calm estimate of between 3 and 4. What under heavens they found to talk about so long, and in such unearthly voices, is a mystery to me. You couldn't sleep no more than if you was in Pandemonium. And about 11, I guess it was, I heard Thomas Jefferson holler out of his chamber winder:

"You have preached long enough brothers on that text, I'll put in a seventhly for you." And then I heard a brick fall. "You've protracted your meetin' here plenty long enough. You may adjourn now to somebody else's window and exhort them a spell." And then I heard another brick fall. "Now I wonder if you'll come round on this circuit right away."

Thomas Jefferson's room is right over ounr, and I riz up in the end of the bed and hollered to him to "stop his noise." But Josiah said, "do let him be, do let him kill the old creeters, I am wore out."

Says I "Josiah I don't mind his killin' the cats, but I won't have him talkin' about their holdin' protracted meetin' and preachin', I won't have it," says I.

"Wall, do lay down, the most I care for now is to get rid of the cats."

Says I, "you do have wicked streaks Josiah, and the way you let that boy go on is just awful, where do you think you will go to Josiah Allen?"

"I'll go into another bed if you can't stop talkin'. I've been kept awake till midnight by them creeters, and now you want to finish the night."

Josiah is a real even tempered man, but nothin' makes him so kinder fretful as to be kept awake by cats. And it is awful.

Sometimes as you listen, you will get encouraged, thinkin' that last yawl really finished 'em, and you begin to be sleepy, when they break out agin' all of a sud-

den with m-e-w, m-e-w, m-e-w, in a small fine voice. It is discouragin', and I couldn't deny it, so I lay down and we both went to sleep.

I hadn't more'n got into a nap, when Josiah waked me up groanin', "Oh them darned cats are at it agin."

"Well, you needn't swear so, if they be." I listened a minute, and says I, "it hain't cats."

Says he, "it is."

Says I, "Josiah Allen, I know better, it hain't cats."

"Wall what is it, if it hain't cats?"

I sot up in the end of the bed, and pushed back my night cap from my right ear and listened, and says I,

"It is a akordeun."

"How come a akordeun under our winder?" says he.

Says I, "It is Shakspeare Bobbet seranadin' Tirzah Ann, and he has got under the wrong winder."

He leaped out of bed, and started for the door.

Says I, "Josiah Allen come back here this minute, do you realize your condition? you hain't dressed."

He siezed his hat from the bureau, and put it on his head, and went on. Says I, "Josiah Allen if you go to the door in that condition, I'll prosicute you; what do you mean actin' so to-night? you was young once yourself."

"Wall I wuzzn't a confounded fool if I was young," says he.

Says I, "come back to bed Josiah Allen, do you want to get the Bobbets'es and the Dobbs'es mad at you?"

"Yes I do."

"I should think you would be ashamed Josiah swearin' and actin' as you have to-night, come back to bed this minute Josiah Allen."

It hain't often I set up, but when I do, I will be minded; so finally he took off his hat and went to bed, and there we had to lay and listen. Not one word could Tirzah Ann hear, for her room was clear to the other end of the house, and such a time as I had to keep Josiah in the bed. The first he played was what they call an involuntary, and I confess it did sound like a cat, before they get to me-e-w—m-e-w. You know they will go on kinder meloncholy. He went on in that way for a length

of time, then he broke out singin' a tune the chorus of which was,

“Oh think of me—oh think of me.”

“No danger of our not thinkin' on you,” says Josiah, “no danger on it.”

It was a long piece and he played and sung it in a slow, and affectin' manner.

He then broke out into another piece, the chorus of which was,

“Curb oh curb thy bosom's pain  
I'll come again, I'll come again.”

No you won't come again, you'll never get away ; I will get up Samantha.”

Says I, “Josiah Allen, if you make another move, I'll part with you, it does beat all, how you keep actin' to-night ; hain't it as hard for me as it is for you? but that is jest the way with you men, you hain't no more patience than nothin' in the world, you was young once yourself.”

“Throw that in my face agin' will you? what if I *wuz!* Oh do hear him go on.” “Curb oh curb thy bosom's pain.” If I was out there my young feller, I would give you a pain you couldn't curb so easy, though it might not be in your bosom.”

Says I, “Josiah Allen, you have showed more wickedness to-night, than I thought you had in you. How would you like to have your pastur, and Deacon Dobbs, and sister Graves hear your revengeful threats? You have fell 25 cents in my estimation to-night.”

“Wall, what comfort is there in his prowlin' round here, makin' two old folks lay all night in perfect agony?”

Just then he begun a new piece.

He thinks he is in love with Tirzah Ann, which is jest as bad as long as it lasts as if he was ; jest as painful to him and to her. As I said he sung these words :

“When I think of thee, thou lovely dame,  
I feel so weak and overcame,  
For Tirzah Ann,  
I am a meloncholly man.”

He didn't sing but one more piece after this. I don't remember the words, but the chorus of each verse was :

“Oh! I'm languishing for thee, Oh! I'm languishing for thee, O—h!  
for thee.”

Jest then we heard Thomas Jefferson speakin' out of the winder overhead.

"My musical young friend, haven't you languished enough for one night? Because if you have, father and mother and I, bein' kept awake by other serenaders the forepart of the night, will love to excuse you, will thank you for your labors in our behalf, and love to bid you good evenin', Tirzah Ann bein' fast asleep in the tother end of the house. But don't let me hurry you Shakspeare, my dear young friend, if you hain't languished enough, you keep right on languishin'. I hope I hain't hard hearted enough to deny a young man and neighbor the privilege of languishin'. Ta-ta, Shakspeare, ta-ta."

I heard a sound of footsteps under the winder, followed seemin'y instantaneously by the rattlin' of the board fence at the extremity of the garden.

A button was found under the winder in the morning. That button and a few locks of Malta fur, is all we have left to remind us of our night of troubles.

"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE."

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#### FOREIGN VIEWS OF THE STATUE.

On the deck of a steamer that came up the Bay,  
Some garrulous foreigners gathered one day,  
To vent their opinions on matters and things

On this side of the Atlantic,  
In language pedantic.

'Twas much the same gathering that any ship brings.

"Ah, look!" said the Frenchman, with pride his lips  
"See ze Liberte Statue enlighten ze World!" [curled;  
Ze grandest colossal zat evair vas known!]

Thus Bartholdi, he speak:  
Vive la France—Amerique!

La belle France make ze statue, and God make ze stone!"

Said the Scotchman: "Na need o'yer spekin' sae free!  
 The thing is na sma', sir, that we canna see.  
 Do ye think that wi'oot ye the folk couldna tell?  
     Sin' 'tis Liberty's Statye,  
     I ken na why thatye  
 Did na keep it at hame to enlighten yoursel!"

The Englishman gazed through his watch-crystal eye:  
 " 'Pon 'onor, by Jove, it is too beastly 'igh!  
 A monstwosity, weally, too lawge to be seen!  
     In pwoportion, I say,  
     It's too lawge faw the Bay.  
 So much lawger than one we've at 'ome of the Queen!"

An Italian next joined the colloquial scrimmage:  
 "I dress-a my monk just like-a de image,  
 I call-a 'Bartholdi'—Frenchman got-a de spunk—  
     Acall-a me 'Macaron'  
     Alose-a me plendy moan!  
 He break-a de organ and keel-a de monk!"

Said Pat: "By the home rule! And that is Libertee!  
 She's the biggest owld woman that iver I see!  
 Phy don't she sit down? 'Tis a shame she's to stand.  
     But the truth is, Oi'm towld,  
     That the sthone is too cowld.  
 Would ye moind the shillalah she howlds in her hand?"

Said Isaac: "Shust vait unt I dolt you, vat's der matter:  
 It vas von uf dem mairmaits coomed ouwd fun der vater;  
 Unt she hat noddings on; unt der vintry vind plows,  
     Unt fur shame, unt fur pidy,  
     She vent to der cidy,  
 Unt buyed her a suit ob dem reaty-mate clo's."

Cried Sambo: "Oh! dat's de cullud man's Lor'!  
 He's cum back to de earf; somefin' he's lookin' for.

Allus knowed by de halo surroundin' he's brow ;  
Jess you looken dat crown !  
Jess you looken dat gown !  
Lor' 'a' mussy, I knows I's a gone nigga' now !"

Said the Yankee: "Wall I've heerd ye discussin' her figger;  
And I reckon you strangers hain't seen nuthin' bigger.  
Wall, I hain't much on boastin' but I'll go my pile :

*When you furrenners cum  
You'll find her to hum!*

Eh, dew I mean what I say? Wall somewhat—I should  
[smile!]

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

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## DICK SWIVELLER AND THE MARCHIONESS.

( FROM OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.)

CHARACTERS:—Swiveller, a clerk in the office of Sampson Brass, Esq. The Marchioness, a small servant in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Brass.

One circumstance, however, troubled Mr. Swiveller very much.

"Now, I'd give something—if I had it—to know how they use that child, and where they keep her. My mother must have been a very inquisitive woman; I have no doubt I'm marked with a note of interrogation somewhere—but upon my word I would like to know how they use her."

Just at this moment Mr. Swiveller caught a parting glimpse of the brown head-dress of Miss Brass flitting down the kitchen stairs.

"By Jove! she's going to feed the servant. Now or never."

First allowing the head-dress to disappear in the darkness below, he groped his way down, and arrived at the door of a back kitchen immediately after Miss Brass had entered the same, bearing in her hand a cold leg of

mutton. it was a very dark miserable place, very low, and very damp, the walls disfigured by a thousand rents and blotches.

The water was trickling out of a leaky butt, and a most wretched cat was lapping up the drops with the sickly eagerness of starvation. Everything was locked up; the coal-cellar, the candle-box, the salt-box, the meat safe. There was nothing that a beetle could lunch upon. The pinched and meagre aspect of the place would have killed a chameleon. He would have known at the first mouthful that the air was not eatable, and must have given up the ghost in despair.

Mr. Swiveller being often left alone in the office of Mr. Brass, began to find the time hang heavy on his hands. For the better preservation of his cheerfulness therefore, and to prevent his faculties from rusting, he provided himself with a pack of cards and accustomed himself to play with a dummy, for twenty, thirty, and sometimes a hundred thousand pounds a side, besides many other hazardous bets to a considerable amount.

As these games were very silently conducted, notwithstanding the magnitude of the interests involved, Mr. Swiveller began to think that on those evenings when Mr. and Miss Brass were out (and they often went out now) he heard a kind of snorting or hard-breathing sound in the direction of the door, which it occurred to him, after some reflection, must proceed from the small servant, who always had a cold from damp living. Looking intently that way one night, he plainly distinguished an eye gleaming and glistening at the key-hole; and having now no doubt that his suspicions were correct, he stole softly to the door, and pounced upon her before she was aware of his approach.

"Oh! I didn't mean any harm indeed. Upon my word I didn't. Please don't tell upon me; please don't."

"Tell upon you! Do you mean to say you were looking through the key-hole for company?"

"Imph-m, upon my word I was."

"How long have you been cooling your eye there?"

"Ever since you began to play them cards, and long before."

"Well, come in. Sit down."

"Oh! I dursn't, Miss Sally 'ud kill me, if she know'd I came up here."

"Have you got a fire down-stairs?"

"Imph-m, a very little one."

"Miss Sally couldn't kill me if she know'd I went down there, so I'll come. Why how thin you are! What do you mean by it?"

"Oh! it an't my fault."

"Could you eat any bread and meat?

"Oh yes!"

"Ah! I thought so. How old are you!"

"I don't know."

Bidding the child mind the door until he came back, he vanished straightway.

Presently he returned, followed by the boy from the public-house, who bore in one hand a plate of bread and beef, and in the other a great pot, filled with some very fragrant compound, which sent forth a grateful steam, and was indeed choice purl. Relieving the boy of his burden at the door, and charging his little companion to fasten it to prevent surprise, Mr. Swiveller followed her into the kitchen.

"There!" said Richard, putting the plate before her. "First of all, clear that off, and then you'll see what's next."

The small servant needed no second bidding, and the plate was soon empty.

"Next," said Dick, handing the purl, "take a pull at that; but moderate your transports, you know, for you're not used to it. Well, is it good?"

"Oh! yes!"

"Now," said Mr. Swiveller, putting two sixpences into a saucer, and trimming the wretched candle, when the cards had been cut and dealt, "those are the stakes. If you win, you get 'em all. If I win, I get 'em. To make it seem more real and pleasant, I shall call you the Marchioness, do you hear?"

"Imph-m."

"Then Marchioness, fire away."

Mr. Swiveller and his partner played several games with varying success, until the loss of three sixpences,

the gradual sinking of the purl, and the striking of ten o'clock, combined to render that gentleman mindful of the flight of Time, and the expediency of withdrawing before Mr. Sampson and Miss Sally Brass returned.

"With which object in view, Marchioness, I shall ask your ladyship's permission to put the cards in my pocket, and to retire from the presence when I have finished this tankard; merely observing Marchioness, that since life like a river is flowing, I care not how fast it rolls on, ma'am, on, while such purl on the bank still is growing, and such eyes light the waves as they run. Marchioness, your health. You will excuse my wearing my hat, but the palace is damp, and the marble floor is—if I may be allowed the expression—sloppy."

"The Baron Sampsono de Brasso and his fair sister are (you tell me) at the play?"

"Imph-m."

"Ha! 'Tis well, Marchioness!—but no matter. Some wine there. Ho!"

"Do they often go where glory waits 'em, and leave you here?"

"Imph-m; I believe they do. Miss Sally's such a one-er for that, she is."

"Such a what?"

"Such a one-er."

"Is Mr. Brass a wunner?"

"Not half what Miss Sally is, he isn't. Bless you he'd never do anything without her."

"Oh! He wouldn't, wouldn't he?"

"Miss Sally keeps him in such order, he always asks her advice, he does; and catches it sometimes. Bless you, you wouldn't believe how much he catches it."

"I suppose they consult together a good deal, and talk about a great many people—about me for instance, eh, Marchioness?"

"Imph-m."

"Complimentary?"

"No."

"Humph! Would it be any breach of confidence, Marchioness, to relate what they say of the humble individual who has now the honor to—"

"Miss Sally says you're a funny chap."

"Well, Marchioness, that's not uncomplimentary. Merriment, Marchioness, is not a bad or degrading quality. Old King Cole was himself a merry old soul, and a merry old soul was he, if we may put any faith in the pages of history."

"But she says that you an't to be trusted."

"Oh, really Marchioness, several ladies and gentlemen—not exactly professional persons, but tradespeople, ma'am, tradespeople—have made the same remark. The obscure citizen who keeps the hotel over the way, inclined strongly to that opinion to-night when I ordered him to prepare the banquet. It's a popular prejudice, Marchioness; and yet I am sure I don't know why, for I have been trusted in my time to a considerable amount, and I can safely say that I never forsook my trust until it first deserted me—never. Mr. Brass is of the same opinion, I suppose?"

"Imph-m. But don't you ever tell upon me, or I shall be beat to death."

"Marchioness, the word of a gentleman is as good as his bond—sometimes better; as in the present case, where his bond might prove but a doubtful sort of security. I am your friend, and hope we shall play more games together. But, Marchioness, it occurs to me that you must be in the constant habit of airing your eye at key-holes, to know all this."

"I only wanted to know where the key of the safe was hid; that was all; and I wouldn't have taken much, if I had found it nuther—only enough to squench my hunger."

"You didn't find it then?" Of course you didn't, or you'd be plumper. Good night, Marchioness. Fare thee well, and if forever, then forever fare thee well.

CHARLES DICKENS.

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IRISHMAN AND DONKEY.—Two Irishmen were one day passing along a country road, when they were startled by a wierd noise that came from behind a stone wall. They looked at each other for a moment, then one of them exclaimed: "Who-o-o-do yez moind that? It's a fine ear the bird has for music, but he's got a wonderful cowld."

## FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

( FROM "THE LADY OF THE LAKE." )

AT length they came where, stern and steep,  
The hill sinks down upon the deep.  
Here Vennachar in silver flows,  
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose ;  
Ever the hollow path twined on  
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone ;  
An hundred men might hold the post  
With hardihood against an host.

So toilsome was the road to trace,  
The guide, abating of his pace,  
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,  
And ask'd Fitz-James, by what strange cause  
He sought these wilds ? traversed by few,  
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

"A warrior thou, and ask me why !  
Moves our free course by such fix'd cause,  
As gives the poor mechanic laws ?  
Enough, I am by promise tied  
To match me with this man of pride :  
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen  
In peace ; but when I come again,  
I come with banner, brand, and bow,  
As leader seeks his mortal foe.  
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,  
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,  
As I, until before me stand  
This rebel Chieftain and his band."

"Have, then, thy wish!" He whistled shrill,  
And he was answered from the hill ;  
Wild as the scream of the curlieu,  
From crag to crag the signal flew.  
Instant, through the copse and heath, arose  
Bonnets and spears and bended bows ;

On right, on left, above, below,  
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;  
From shingles gray their lances start,  
The bracken-bush sends forth the dart,  
The rushes and the willow-wand  
Are bristling into axe and brand,  
And every tuft of broom gives life  
To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.  
That whistle garrison'd the glen  
At once with full five hundred men  
As if the yawning hill to heaven  
A subterranean host had given.  
Watching their leader's beck and will,  
All silent there they stood, and still.  
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass  
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,  
As if an infant's touch could urge  
Their headlong passage down the verge,  
With step and weapon forward flung,  
Upon the mountain-side they hung.  
The mountaineer cast glance of pride  
Along Benledi's living side,  
Then fix'd his eye and sable brow  
Full on Fitz-James: "How say'st thou now?  
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;  
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave:—though to his heart  
The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,  
He mann'd himself with dauntless air,  
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,  
His back against a rock he bore,  
And firmly placed his foot before:  
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I."  
Sir Roderick mark'd—and in his eyes  
Respect was mingled with surprise,  
And the stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel.  
Short space he stood—then waved his hand:  
Down sunk the disappearing band;

Each warrior vanished where he stood,  
In broom or bracken, heath or wood ;  
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,  
In osiers pale and copses low ;  
It seemed as if their mother Earth  
Had swallow'd up her warlike birth.

Fitz-James looked round—yet scarce believed  
The witness that his sight received ;  
Such apparition well might seem  
Delusion of a dreadful dream.  
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed.  
And to his look the Chief replied,  
“ Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—  
But—doubt not aught from mine array.  
Thou art my guest ; I pledged my word  
As far as Coilantogle ford :  
Nor would I call a clansman’s brand  
For aid against one valiant hand,  
Though on our strife lay every vale  
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.  
So move we on ; I only meant  
To show the reed on which you leant,  
Deeming this path you might pursue  
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.”—

The Chief in silence strode before,  
And reached the torrent’s sounding shore,  
And here his course the Chieftain staid.  
Threw down his target and his plaid,  
And to the Lowland warrior said :—  
“ Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,  
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.  
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,  
This head of a rebellious clan,  
Hath led thee safe through watch and ward,  
Far past Clan-Alpine’s outmost guard.  
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,  
A Chieftain’s vengeance thou shalt feel.  
See, here all vantageless I stand,

Armed, like thyself, with single brand;  
For this is Coilantogle ford,  
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.”

The Saxon paused: “I ne’er delayed,  
When foeman bade me draw my blade;  
Nay, more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death:  
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,  
And my deep debt for life preserved,  
A better meed have well deserved:  
Can nought but blood our feud atone?  
Are there no means?” “No, Stranger, none!  
And here—to fire thy flagging zeal—  
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;  
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred  
Between the living and the dead:  
‘Who spills the foremost foeman’s life,  
His party conquers in the strife.’”

“Then by my word,” the Saxon said,  
“The riddle is already read:  
Seek yonder brake, beneath the cliff,  
There lies Red Murdock, stark and stiff;  
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy,  
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.”

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick’s eye—  
“Soars thy presumption then so high,  
Because a wretched kern ye slew,  
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?  
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!  
Thou add’st but fuel to my hate:  
My clansman’s blood demands revenge,—  
Not yet prepared? By Heaven, I change  
My thought, and hold thy valor light  
As that of some vain carpet-knight,  
Who ill deserved my courteous care,  
And whose best boast is but to wear  
A braid of his fair lady’s hair.”

"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!  
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;  
For I have sworn this braid to stain  
In the best blood that warms thy vein.  
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!"

Then each at once his falchion drew,  
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,  
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,  
As what they ne'er might see again:  
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,  
In dubious strife they darkly closed.  
Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,  
That on the field his targe he threw,  
Whose brazen studs and tough bull hide  
Had death so often dash'd aside;  
For trained abroad his arms to wield,  
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.  
He practised every pass and ward,  
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard,  
While less expert, though stronger far,  
The Gael maintained unequal war.  
Three times in closing strife they stood,  
And thrice the Saxon's blade drank blood;  
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,  
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.  
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,  
And showered his blows like wintry rain;  
And as firm as rock, or castle roof,  
Against the winter shower is proof,  
The foe, invulnerable still,  
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill,  
Till at advantage ta'en, his brand  
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand;  
And, backward borne upon the lea,  
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.  
"Now, yield thee, or, by him who made  
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"

"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!  
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."—

\* \* \* \* \*

Like mountain-cat who guards her young,  
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;  
 Received, but recked not of a wound,  
 And locked his arms his foeman round.  
 They tug, they strain!—down, down they go,  
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.  
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,  
 His knee was planted in his breast;  
 His clotted locks he backward threw,  
 Across his brow his hand he drew,  
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,  
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!

\* \* \* \* \*

For, while the dagger gleamed on high,  
 Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.  
 Down came the blow! but in the heath  
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.  
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,  
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

### AGNES I LOVE THEE.

I stood upon the ocean's briny shore,  
 And with a fragile reed I traced upon the sand:  
 “Agnes I love thee.”  
 The mad waves rolled by and blotted out the fair im-  
 pression.  
 Frail reed! Cruel wave! Treacherous sand!  
 I'll trust thee no more;  
 But with a giant hand  
 I'll pluck from Norway's frozen shore, her tallest pine,  
 And dip its top into the crater of Mt. Vesuvius,  
 And on the high and burnished heavens I'll write:  
 “Agnes I love thee.”  
 And I would like to see any doggoned wave wash that out.

## THE LITTLE CRIPPLE.

"I 'm thist a little crippled boy, an' never goin' to grow—  
 An' git a great big man at all!—'cause Aunty told me so.  
 When I was thist a baby onc't I falled out of the bed  
 An' got 'The Curv'ture of the Spine'—at 's what the  
 Doctor said.

I never had no Mother nen—fer my Pa runned away  
 An' dass n't come back here no more—'cause he was  
 drunk one day  
 An' stobbed a man in thish-ere town, an' could n't pay  
 his fine!  
 An' nen my Ma she died—an' I got 'Curv'ture of the  
 Spine!'"

"I 'm nine years old! An' you can 't guess how much I  
 weigh, I bet!—

Last birthday I weighed thirty-three!—An' I weigh  
 thirty yet!

I 'm awful little fer my size—I 'm purt' nigh littler 'an  
 Some babies is!—an' neighbors all calls me 'The Little  
 Man!'

An' Doc one time he laughed an' said: 'I 'spect, first  
 thing you know,

You 'll have a little spike-tail coat an' travel with a  
 show!'

An' nen I laughed—till I looked roun an' Aunty was  
 a-cryin'—

Sometimes she acts like that, 'cause I got 'Curv'ture of  
 the Spine!'"

"I set—while Aunty 's washin'—on my little long-leg  
 stool,

An' watch the little boys an' girls 'a-skippin' by to  
 school;

An' I peck on the winder, an' holler out an say:

'Who wants to fight The Little Man 'at dares you all  
 to day?'

An' nen the boys climbs on the fence, an' little girls  
 peeks through,

An' they all says: 'Cause you 're so big, you think we  
're 'feared o' you?'

An' nen they yell, an' shake their fist at me, like I shake  
mine—

They 're thist in fun, you know, 'cause I got 'Curv'ture  
of the Spine!'"

"At evening, when the ironin' 's done, an' Aunty 's fixed  
the fire,

An' filled an' lit the lamp, an' trimmed the wick an'  
turned it higher,

An' fetched the wood all in fer night, an' locked the  
kitchen door,

An' stuffed the ole crack where the wind blows in up  
through the floor—

She sets the kettle on the coals, an' biles an' makes the  
tea,

An' fries the liver an' the mush, an' cooks a egg fer me;

An' sometimes—when I cough so hard—her elderberry  
wine

Don't go so bad fer little boys with 'Curvture of the  
Spine!'"

"But Aunty 's all so childish-like on my account, you see,  
I 'm 'most afeared she 'll be took down—an' 'at 's what  
bothers me!—

'Cause ef my good ole Aunty ever would git sick an' die,  
I don't know what she 'do in Heaven—till I come, by  
an' by :—

Fer she 's so ust to all my ways, an' ever'thing, you  
know,

An' no one there like me, to nurse, an' worry over so!—

'Cause all the little childerns there 's so straight an'  
strong an' fine,

They 's nary angel 'bout the place with 'Curv'ture of  
the Spine!'"

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

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CONUNDRUM.—Why is a baby like a sheaf of wheat?  
—First it is cradled, then thrashed, and afterwards be-  
comes the flower of the family.

## THE DOOM OF CLAUDIUS AND CYNTHIA.

( Abridged for Public Reading, from Scribner's Monthly. )

It was the mid-splendor of the reign of the Emperor Commodus. Especially desirous of being accounted the best swordsman and the most fearless gladiator in Rome, he still better enjoyed the reputation of being the incomparable archer. With a view to this, he had assiduously trained himself so as to be able, in various public places, to give startling exhibitions of his skill with the bow and arrows. No archer had been able to compete with him. This being true, it can be well understood how Claudius, by publicly boasting that he was a better archer than Commodus, had brought upon himself the calamity of a public execution. Claudius and his bride had been arrested together at their nuptial feast and dragged to separate dungeons to await the emperor's will.

The rumor was abroad in Rome that on a certain night a most startling scene would be enacted in the Circus. That the sight would be blood-curdling in the last degree was taken by every one for granted. Emissaries of Commodus had industriously sown about the streets hints too vague to take definite form, calculated to arouse great interest. The result was that on the night in question, the vast building was crowded at an early hour. (It will be remembered that the Ampitheatre of Rome had a seating capacity of more than eighty thousand.) All the seats were filled with people eager to witness some harrowing scene of death. Commodus himself, surrounded by a great number of his favorites, sat on a high richly cushioned throne prepared for him about midway one side of the vast inclosure. All was still, as if the multitude were breathless with expectancy. Presently, out from one of the openings a young man and a young woman.—a mere girl,—their hands bound behind them, were led forth upon the sand of the arena and forced to walk around the entire circumference of the place.

The youth was tall and nobly beautiful, a very Hercules in form, an Apollo in grace and charm of movement. The girl was *petite* and lovely beyond compare. His hair

was blue-black and crisp, and a young, soft beard curled over his cheeks and lips. Her hair was pure gold, falling to her feet and trailing behind her as she walked. His eyes were dark and proud, hers gray and deep as those of a goddess. Both were nude, excepting a short kirtle reaching to near the knee. They seemed to move half unconscious of their surroundings, all bewildered and dazzled by the situation.

At length the giant circuit was completed and the two were left standing on the sand, distant about one hundred and twenty feet from the emperor, who now arose and in a loud voice said :

"Behold the condemned Cladius, and Cynthia, whom he lately took for his wife. They are condemned to death for the great folly of Cladius, that the Roman people may know that Commodus reigns supreme. The crime for which they are to die is a great one. Cladius has publicly proclaimed that he is a better archer than I, Commodus, am. I am the emperor and the incomparable archer of Rome. Whoever disputes it dies and his wife dies with him."

It was enough to touch the heart of even a Roman to see the tender innocence of that fair girl's face as she turned it up in speechless, tearless, appealing grief and anguish to her husband's. Her pure bosom heaved and quivered with the awful terror suddenly generated within. The youth, erect and powerful, set his thin lips firmly and kept his eyes looking straight out before him. Among the on-lookers many knew him as a trained athlete, and especially as an almost unerring archer. They knew him too as a brave soldier, a true friend, an honorable citizen. Little time remained for such reflections as naturally might have arisen, for immediately a large cage, containing two fiery-eyed and famished tigers, was brought into the Circus and placed before the victims. The hungry beasts were excited to madness by the smell of fresh blood smeared on the bars of the cage for that purpose. They howled and growled, lapping their fiery tongues and plunging against the door.

The poor girl laid her head upon the breast of her husband and uttered a thin, short wail. The mighty

muscles of his arms rolled up and quivered as he strained at the thongs in his efforts to burst them, for he was beginning to realize that death was near him, and ah! near her. If only his hands were free and his good sword within reach, how gladly would he battle for her against all the tigers in the world! But this certain death! How could he endure it! Those blood-thirsty beasts to munch her tender body and delicate limbs, her true heart to quiver in their fangs. Oh! how supremely bitter a thing to helplessly contemplate! While she, the tender lily by his side, thought only of him, as the man who kept the beasts began from his safe position on the high cage to unfasten the door and thus let loose death. Four long bounds of those agile monsters would bear them to their victims. Slowly the bolts were withdrawn and the huge doors swung round. Now, nothing but thin air remained between the blood-thirsty beasts and the nude defenseless bodies. For some moments the tigers did not move, except as it were to writhe crouchingly backward as if shrinking from the devilish deed they were about to perform.

The limbs of the poor girl had begun to give way under her and she was slowly sinking to the ground. This seemed greatly to affect the man, who tried to support her with his body. Despite his efforts she slid down and lay in a helpless heap at his feet. The lines on his manly face deepened and a slight ashy pallor flickered on brow and eyelids. But he did not tremble. He stood like a statue of Hercules.

Then a sound came from the cage which no words can ever describe,—the hungry howl, the clashing teeth, the hissing breath of the tigers along with a sharp clang of the iron bars spurned by their rushing feet. The Circus fairly shook with the plunge of Death toward its victims.

Suddenly in this last moment, the maiden, by a great effort writhed to her feet and covered the youth's body with her own. Such love! It should have sweetened death for that young man. How white his face grows! How his eyes flame, immovably fixed upon the coming demons!

Now, look at the bounding, flaming-eyed tigers! See!

how one leads the other in the awful race to the feast! The girl is nearer than the man. She will feel the claws and fangs first. See how wide those red, frothy mouths gape! How the red tongues loll and the sand flies up in a cloud from their armed feet.

Then there came from the place where Commodus stood, a clear musical note such as might have come from the gravest cord of a lyre if powerfully stricken, closely followed by a keen, far-reaching hiss, like the whisper of Fate, ending in a heavy blow. The foremost tiger, while yet in mid-air, curled itself up with a gurgling cry of utter pain, fell heavily down dying. Again the sweet, insinuating twang, the hiss and the stroke. The second beast fell dead or dying upon the first. This explained all. The emperor had demonstrated his right to be called the Royal Bowman of the world.

A soldier as directed, now approached the twain, and, seizing an arm of each, led them some paces farther away, where he stationed them facing each other and with their sides to Commodus, who was preparing to shoot again. Before drawing his bow, however, he cried aloud :

"Behold! Commodus will pierce the center of the ear of each!"

Commodus drew his bow with tremendous power, fetching the cord back to his breast, where for a moment it was held without the faintest quiver of a muscle. His eyes were fixed, and cold as steel. The polished broad head of the arrow shone like a diamond.

While yet the pink flush burned on the delicate ear of the girl, and the hush of the Circus deepened infinitely, out rang the low note of the great weapon's recoil. The arrow fairly shrieked through the air, so swift was its flight.

What a surg the youth made! It was as if Death had charged him with omnipotence for the second. The cord leaped from his wrists—he clasped the falling girl in his embrace. All eyes saw the arrow hurtling along the sand, after its mission was done.

Locked for one brief moment in each other's arms, the quivering victims wavered on their feet, then sank

down upon the ground. Commodus stood like Fate, leaning forward to note the perfectness of his execution. His eyes blazed with the eager, heartless fire of triumph.

The two tigers lay in their blood where they had fallen, each with a broad-headed arrow through the spinal cord, at the point of its juncture with the brain. The emperor's aim had been absolutely accurate. Instant paralysis and quick death had followed his shots.

But the crowning event of the occasion was revealed at the last.

Pale and wild-eyed, their faces pinched and shriveled, the youth and the maid started, with the painful totterings and weak clutchings at the air, and writhed to their feet, where they stood staring at each other in a way to chill the blood of any observer. Then, as if attracted by some irresistible fascination, they turned their mute, sunken faces toward Commodus. What a look! Why did it not freeze him dead where he stood?

"Lead them out and set them free!" cried the emperor, in a loud, heartless voice. "Lead them out, and tell it everywhere that Commodus is the Incomparable Bowman."

And then, when all at once it was discovered that he had not hurt the lovers, but had merely cut in two with his arrows the cords that bound their wrists, the vast audience arose as one person and applauded the emperor!

MAURICE THOMPSON.

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### THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS.

Every one views a subject according to his particular taste and disposition:

To view Niagara Falls one day  
A priest and tailor took their way.  
The parson cried, while wrapped in wonder,  
And listening to the cataract's thunder:  
"Lord! how thy works amaze our eyes,  
And fill our hearts with vast surprise."  
The tailor merely made this note:  
"Lord! what a place to sponge a coat."

## HYMN TO MOUNT BLANC.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star  
In his steep course? so long he seems to pause  
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!  
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!  
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
How silently! Around thee and above  
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black—  
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,  
As with a wedge! But when I look again,  
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
Thy habitation from eternity!  
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,  
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
Did'st vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,  
I worshiped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,  
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought—  
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:  
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,  
Into the mighty vision passing, there,  
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise  
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,  
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy! Awake,  
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!  
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole Sovereign of the Vale!  
O, struggling with the darkness all the night,  
And visited all night by troops of stars,  
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink:  
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,

'Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
 Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!  
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?  
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?  
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!  
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,  
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,  
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,  
 Forever shattered and the same for ever?  
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,  
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?  
 And who commanded (and the silence came),  
 Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow  
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—  
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!  
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!  
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven  
 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun  
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers  
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—  
 God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!  
 God! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!  
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!  
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!  
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!  
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!  
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!  
 Ye signs and wonders of the elements!  
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,  
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,  
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—  
 Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou  
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low  
 In adoration, upward from thy base  
 Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,  
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,  
 To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise!  
 Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!  
 Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,  
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,  
 Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,  
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

### OLD SAYINGS.

As poor as a church mouse, as thin as a rail;  
 As fat as a porpoise, as rough as a gale;  
 As brave as a lion, as spry as a cat;  
 As bright as a sixpence, as weak as a rat.

As proud as a peacock, as sly as a fox;  
 As mad as a March hare, as strong as an ox;  
 As fair as a lily, as empty as air;  
 As rich as Croesus, as cross as a bear.

As pure as an angel, as neat as a pin;  
 As smart as a steel-trap, as ugly as sin;  
 As dead as a door nail, as white as a sheet;  
 As flat as a pan-cake, as red as a beet.

As round as an apple, as black as your hat;  
 As brown as a berry, as blind as a bat;  
 As mean as a miser, as full as a tick;  
 As plump as a partridge, as sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny, as dark as a pall;  
As hard as a mill-stone, as bitter as gall;  
As fine as a fiddle, as clear as a bell;  
As dry as a herring, as deep a well.

As light as a feather, as firm as a rock;  
As stiff as a poker, as calm as a clock;  
As green as a gosling, as brisk as a bee;  
And now let me stop, lest you weary of me.

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#### TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN.

When they reached the station, Mr. Mann and his wife gazed in unspeakable disappointment at the receding train, which was just pulling away from the bridge switch at the rate of a mile a minute. Their first impulse was to run after it, but as the train was out of sight and whistling for Sagetown before they could act upon the impulse, they remained in the carriage and disconsolately turned their horses' heads homeward.

Mr. Mann broke the silence, very grimly: "This all comes of having to wait for a woman to get ready."

"Why, I was ready before you were."

"Great heavens," cried Mr. Mann, nearly jerking the horses' jaws out of place, "just listen to that! And I sat in the buggy ten minutes yelling at you to come along until the whole neighborhood heard me."

"Yes, and every time I started down stairs you sent me back for something you had forgotten."

"O-h! This is too much to bear, when everybody knows that if I were going to Europe I would just rush into the house, put on a clean shirt, grab up my grip sack, and fly, while you would want at least six months for preliminary preparations, and then dawdle around the whole day of starting until every train had left town."

Well, the upshot of the matter was that the Manns put off their visit to Aurora until the next week, and it was agreed that each one should get himself or herself ready

and go down to the train and go, and the one who failed to get ready should be left. The day of the match came around in due time. The train was going at 10:30, and Mr. Mann, after attending to his business, went home at 9:45.

"Now, then," he shouted, "only three-quarters of an hour's time. Fly around; a fair field and no favors, you know."

And away they flew. Mr. Mann rushed into this room and flew through that one, and dived into one closet after another with inconceivable rapidity, chuckling under his breath all the time to think how cheap Mrs. Mann would feel when he started off alone. He stopped on his way up stairs to pull off his heavy boots to save time. For the same reason he pulled off his coat as he ran through the dining room and hung it on a corner of the silver closet. Then he jerked off his vest as he rushed through the hall and tossed it on the hat-rack, and by the time he had reached his own room he was ready to plunge into his clean clothes. He pulled out a bureau drawer and began to paw at the things like a Scotch terrier after a rat.

"Eleanor, where are my shirts?"

"In your bureau drawer," calmly replied Mrs. Mann, who was standing before a glass calmly and deliberately coaxing a refractory crimp into place.

"Well, but they ain't! I've emptied everything out of the drawer, and there isn't a thing I ever saw before."

*Mrs. Mann steps back a few paces, holds her head on one side, and after satisfying herself that the crimp will do, replied:* "Those things scattered around on the floor are all mine. You haven't been looking into your own drawer."

"I don't see why you couldn't have put my things out for me when you had nothing else to do all the morning."

"Because," said Mrs. Mann, setting herself into an additional article of raiment with awful deliberation, "nobody put mine out for me. A fair field and no favors, my dear."

Mr. Mann plunged into his shirt like a mad bull at a red flag.

"Foul! No buttons on this shirt-neck!"

"Because," said Mrs. Mann, after a deliberate stare at the fidgeting, impatient man, during which she buttoned her dress and put eleven pins where they would do the most good, "because you have the shirt on wrong side out."

When Mr. Mann slid out of the shirt he began to sweat. He dropped it three times before he got it on. While it was over his head he heard the clock strike ten, and when his head came through he saw Mrs. Mann coaxing the ends and bows of her necktie.

"Where are my shirt studs?" he cried.

Mrs. Mann went out into another room and presently came back with gloves and hat, and saw Mr. Mann emptying all the boxes he could find in and around the bureau. Then she said, "In the shirt you just pulled off."

Mrs. Mann put on her gloves and buttoned them, while Mr. Mann hunted up and down the room for his cuff-buttons.

"Eleanor, I believe you must know where those cuff-buttons are."

"I haven't seen them. Oh! didn't you lay them down on the window-sill in the sitting-room last night?"

Mr. Mann remembered, and started down stairs on the run. He stepped on one of his boots at the head of the stairs and was immediately landed in the hall at the foot of the stairs with neatness and dispatch.

"Are you nearly ready, Algernon?" sweetly asked the wife of his bosom, leaning over the banisters.

(*The unhappy man groaned.*) "Can't you throw me down the other boot?"

Mrs. Mann, pityingly, kicked it down to him.

"My valise?" he inquired, as he tugged at the boot strap.

"Up in your dressing-room."

"Packed?"

"I do not know; not unless you packed it yourself," she replied, with her hand on the door knob: "I had barely time to pack my own. Good-bye, dear, good-bye."

She was passing out of the gate when the door opened, and he shouted, "Eleanor, where in the name of

goodness did you put my vest? It has all my money in it!"

"You threw it on the hat rack. Good-bye, dear, good-bye!"

Before she got to the street corner she was hailed again.

"Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor Mann! Did you wear off my coat?"

She paused and turned, after signaling the street car to stop, and cried, "You threw it in the silver closet."

The street car engulfed her graceful form and she was seen no more. But the neighbors say that they heard Mr. Mann charging up and down the house, rushing out of the front door every now and then, shrieking after the unconscious Mrs. Mann, to know where his hat was, and where she put the valise key, and that there wasn't a clean linen collar in the house. And when he went away at last, he left the kitchen door, the side door, the front door, all the down stairs windows and the front gate, wide open.

The loungers around the station were somewhat amused, just as the train was pulling out of sight down in the yards, to see a flushed, enterprising man, with his hat on sideways, his vest unbuttoned, his necktie flying, and his grip sack flapping open and shut like a demented shutter on a March night, dash wildly across the platform and halt in the middle of the track, glaring in dejected, wrathful mortification at the departing train, and shaking his fist at a pretty woman who was throwing kisses at him from the rear platform of the last car.

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#### UNCLE PETE AND THE BAIT.

A darkey who was fishing had a little boy about two years old at his side, and as he threw the line into the water, the little chap fell in also. The old darkey plunged in and brought out the youngster, squeezed him out and stood him up to dry. A clergyman who came along happened to see him and said, "My man, you have done nobly, you are a hero, you have saved the boy's life." "Well," said the darkey, "I didn't do dat to sabe his life; he had de bait in his pocket."

## A SIMILAR CASE.

Jack, I hear you've gone and done it.  
 Yes, I know; most fellows will;  
 Went and tried it once myself, sir,  
 Though, you see, I'm single still.  
 And you met her—did you tell me?  
 Down at Newport, last July,  
 And resolved to ask the question  
 At a soiree? So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room  
 With its music and its light;  
 For they say love's flame is brightest  
 In the darkness of the night.  
 Well, you walked along together—  
 Overhead the starlit sky,  
 And I'll bet—old man, confess it—  
 You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,  
 Saw the summer moonlight pour  
 All its radiance on the waters  
 As they rippled on the shore;  
 Till at length you gathered courage,  
 When you saw that none were nigh—  
 Did you draw her close and tell her  
 That you loved her? So did I.

Well, I needn't ask you further,  
 And I'm sure I wish you joy;  
 Think I'll wander down to see you  
 When you're married—eh, my boy?  
 When the honeymoon is over,  
 And you'r settled down, we'll try—  
 What? The deuce you say! Rejected,—So was I.

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A gentleman on being asked what made him so tall replied that "when he was a small boy he fell in his mother's yeast jar and had been rising ever since."

## THE LAST HYMN.

The Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea,  
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,  
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted  
West,  
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed  
boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging  
there;  
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the  
air—  
And it lashed, and shook, and tore them till they thun-  
dered, groaned, and boomed,  
And, alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs en-  
tombed.

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of  
Wales,  
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling  
awful tales,  
When the sea had spent its passion and should cast upon  
the shore  
Bits of wreck, and swollen victims, as it had done hereto-  
fore.

With the rough winds blowing round her a brave woman  
strained her eyes,  
As she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise.  
Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be.  
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such  
a sea.

Then a pitying people hurried from their homes and  
thronged the beach.  
Oh, for power to cross the waters and the perishing to  
reach!

Helpless hands were wrung in terror, tender hearts grew  
cold with dread,  
And the ship urged by the tempest to the fatal rock-shore-  
sped.

"See! she's parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her  
goes down!  
Oh, God have mercy! Is heaven far to seek for those  
who drown?"  
Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with ter-  
ror on the sea,  
Only one last clinging figure on a spar was seen to be.

Nearer to the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed  
by the wave,  
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on  
earth could save.  
"Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet,  
shout away!"  
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered  
what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no.  
There was but one thing to utter in that awful hour of  
woe,  
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus! Can  
you hear?"  
And "Aye, aye, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters.  
faint and clear.

Then they listened, "He is singing, 'Jesus lover of my  
soul,'"  
And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer  
waters roll."  
Strange indeed it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life  
is past,"  
Singing bravely o'er the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at  
last."

He could have no other refuge, "Hangs my helpless soul  
on thee."

"Leave, oh! leave me not"—the singer dropped at last  
into the sea.

And the watchers looking homeward, through their eyes  
by tears made dim,

Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that  
hymn."

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

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### HOTSPUR'S DEFENCE.

This scene shows the character and fiery spirit of Hotspur.

#### CHARACTERS:

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.  
THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.  
HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.  
HENRY PERCY, Surnamed Hotspur, his son  
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.  
SIR WALTER BLUNT, Friend to the King.

*K. Hen.* My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
And you have found me; for, accordingly,  
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,  
I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition.

*Wor.* Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves  
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;  
And that same greatness too which our own hands  
Have help to make so portly.

*K. Hen.* Worcester, get thee gone, for I see danger  
And disobedience in thine eye:  
You were about to speak, my lord Northumberland.

*North.* Yea, my good lord.  
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,  
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied  
As is deliver'd to your majesty:

Either envy therefore, or misprision  
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

*Hot.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
But, I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,  
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,  
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;  
He was perfumed like a milliner ;  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose, and took't away again ;—  
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,  
Took it in snuff :—and still he smil'd and talk'd ;  
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded  
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.  
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
Out of my grief and my impatience,  
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ;  
He should, or should not ;—for he made me mad,  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark !)  
And telling me, the sovereign't thing on earth  
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise ;  
And that it was a great pity, so it was,  
That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.  
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;  
And, I beseech you, let not his report

Come current for an accusation,  
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,  
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,  
To such a person and in such a place,  
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,  
May reasonably die, and never rise  
To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

*K. Hen.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,  
But with proviso, and exception,—  
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight  
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;  
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower.  
Shall our coffers then  
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?  
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,  
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?  
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
For I shall never hold that man my friend,  
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Revolted Mortimer!  
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
But by the chance of war;—To prove that true,  
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,  
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,  
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
In single opposition, hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an hour  
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.  
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,  
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;  
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,  
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank  
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.  
Never did bare and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;

Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
Receive so many, and all willingly:  
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

*K. Hen.* Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie  
him,  
He never did encounter with Glendower;  
I tell thee,  
He durst as well have met the devil alone,  
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth  
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:  
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means  
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,  
We license your departure with your son:  
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt.*

*Hot.* And if the devil come and roar for them,  
I will not send them:—I will after straight,  
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,  
Although it be with hazard of my head.

*North.* What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause  
a while;  
Here comes your uncle.

*Re-enter Worcester.*

*Hot.* Speak of Mortimer?  
Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul  
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:  
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,  
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i'the dust,  
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
As high i'the air as this unthankful king,  
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

*Wor.* Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

*Hot.* He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;  
And when I urg'd the ransom once again  
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;  
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

*Wor.* Peace, cousin, say no more:  
And now I will unclasp a secret book,

And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous ;  
 As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,  
 As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,  
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night :—or sink or swim  
 Send danger from the east unto the west,  
 So honor cross it from the north to south,  
 And let them grapple ;—O ! the blood more stirs  
 To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.  
 By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap  
 To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd moon  
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground  
 And pluck up drowned honor by the locks ;  
 So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,  
 Without corrival, all her dignities :  
 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship !

*Wor.* Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots  
 That are your prisoners,—

*Hot.* I'll keep them all  
 By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them.  
 No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not ;  
 I'll keep them, by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,  
 And lend no ear to my purposes.—  
 Those prisoners you shall keep.

*Hot.* Nay, I will ; that's flat—  
 He said, he would not ransom Mortimer ;  
 Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ;  
 But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
 And in his ears I'll holla—Mortimer !

Nay,  
 I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
 Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,  
 To keep his anger still in motion.

## THE LITTLE STOW-AWAY.

(YORKSHIRE DIALECT.)

A Sea Story as told by an old sailor.

"'Bout three year ago, afore I got this berth as I'm in noo, I war second-engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer boond for New York. There'd been a lot o' hextra cargo sent doon just at the last minute, and we'd 'ad no end of a job stowin' it away, and that ran us late o' startin'; so that, a'th'gither, you may think, the cap'n warn't in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate nither; as for the chief-engineer, he war a good-natured, easy-goin' sort o' a chap, as nowt on earth could put oot. But on the mornin' of the third day oot from Liverpool, he cum doon to me in a precious 'urry, lookin' as if somethin' 'ad put 'im oot pretty considerably.

"'Tom,' says he, 'what d'ye think? Blest if we ar'n't foond a stow-away;' (That's the name you know, sir, as we gies to chaps as 'ides theirselves aboard outward-boond vessels an' gets carried oot unbeknown to everybody.)"

"'The dickens you 'ave?' says I. 'Who is he, and where did ye find 'im?'"

"'Well, we foond 'im stowed away among the casks for'ard; an' ten to one we'd na ha'twigged 'im at a', if the skipper's dog 'adn't sniffed 'im oot an' begun barkin'. An' sich a little mite as he is, too! I could ha' most put 'im in my baccy-pouch, poor little beggar! but he looks to be a good-plucked un for a' that.'

"I didn't wait to 'ear no more, but up on deck like a sky-rocket: and there I did see a sight, and no mistake. Every man-Jack o' the crew, and what few passengers we 'ad aboard, war all in a ring on the fo'c'stle, and thar in the middle was the fust-mate, lookin' as black as thunder. Reet in front of 'im, lookin' a reg'lar mite among them greet big chaps, war a little bit o' a lad not ten-year old—ragged as a scare-crow, but wi' bright curly 'air, and a bonnie little face o' his own, if it 'adn't been so woeful thin and pale. But, bless yer 'eart! to see the way that

little chap 'eld his 'ead up, an' looked about 'im, you'd ha' thought the 'ole ship belonged to 'im. The mate war a greet 'ulkin' black-bearded feller with a look that 'ud ha' frightened a 'orse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a key-'ole; but the young un warn't a bit afeard—he stood straight up, and looked 'im full in the face with them bright, clear eyes o' his'n, for all the world as if he war Prince Halferd 'imself. An' folk did say arterwards as 'ow he comed o' better blood nor what he seemed; and, for my part, I'm rayther o' that way o' thinkin' myself; for I never yet seed a common street-Harab—as they calls them noo—cary it off like 'im. You might ha' eerd a pin drop, as the mate spoke.

“ ‘ Well, you young whelp, what's brought you 'ere?’

“ ‘ It was my step-father as done it, sir,’ says the lad, in a weak little voice, but as steady as could be. ‘ Father's dead, and mother's married again, and my new father says as 'ow he won't 'ave no brats about eatin' up 'is wages; and he stowed me away when nobody warn't lookin', and guv me some grub to keep me goin' for a day or two till I got to sea. He says as 'ow as I'm to go to Aunt Jane, at 'Alifax; and 'ere's 'er address.’ And with that, he slips 'is 'and into the breast of 'is shirt, and oot wi' a scrap o' paper, awful dirty and crumpled up, but wi' the address on it, reet enough.

“ Well, we all believed every word on't, even without the paper; for 'is look, and 'is voice, and the way he spoke, was enough to show that there warn't a ha'porth o' lyin' in 'is whole body. But the mate didn't seem to swallow the yarn at all; he only shrugged 'is shoulders with a kind o' grin, as much as to say, ‘ I'm too old a bird to be caught by that kind o' chaff;’ and then he says to 'im, ‘ Look 'ere my lad; that's all very fine, but it won't do 'ere—some o' these men o' mine are in the secret, and I mean to 'ave it out of 'em. Now, you just point oot the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you don't, it'll be the worse for you!’

“ The lad looked up in 'is bright, fearless way (it did my 'eart good to look at 'im, the brave little chap!) and says, ‘ I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say.’

“ The mate says nothin', but looks at 'im for a min-

ute as if he'd see clean through 'im; and then he faced roond to the men, lookin' blacker than ever an' shouted, ' Reeve a rope to the yard! smart now! '

"The men all looked at one another, as much as to say, ' what on 'arth's a-comin' noo? '—but aboard ship, o' course, when you're told to do a thing, you've got to do it; so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

"Noo my lad,' says the mate in a 'ard, square kind o' voice, that made every word seem like fittin' a stone into a wall, 'you see that 'ere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess; and if you don't tell the truth afore the time's up, I'll 'ang you like a dog! '

"The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears, (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye,) and then a low growl went among 'em, like a wild beast awakin' oot o' a nap.

" 'Silence there! ' shouts the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'easter. 'Stand by to run for'ard!' as he 'eld the noose ready to put it roond the lad's neck. The little un never flinched a bit; but there war some among the sailors (greet big chaps as could ha' felled an ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought me o' my little curly-'aired lad at 'ome, and 'ow it 'ud be if any one war to go for to 'ang 'im; and at the very thought on't I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched theirselves as if they was a-grippin' somebody's throat. I clutched 'old o' a 'andspike, and 'eld it be'ind my back, all ready.

" 'Tom,' whispers the chief-engineer to me, 'd'ye think he really means to do it?'

" 'I don't know, but if he does, he shall go first, if I swings for it! '

"I've been in many a hugly scrape in my time, but I never felt 'arf as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen; and the tick o' the mate's watch, reg'lar, pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there war a precious hugly look on some o' their faces; and I noticed that three or four on 'em kep' edgin' for'ard to where the mate was, in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I'd made up my mind if he did go for to 'ang the poor little chap, I'd kill 'im on the spot, and take my chance.

" 'Eight minutes,' says the mate, his greet deep voice breakin' in on the silence like the toll o' a funeral bell. 'If you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for ye're time's nearly up.'

" 'I've told you the truth, and I ain't got nothin' more to say,' answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. 'May I say my prayers, please?'

"The mate nodded; and doon goes the poor little chap on his knees and puts up his poor little 'ands to pray. I couldn't make oot what he was sayin' (the fact is my 'ead was in sich a whirl that I'd 'ardly ha' knowed my own name,) but I'll be bound God 'eard it, every word. Then he ups on 'is feet, and puts 'is 'ands behind 'im, and says to the mate quite quietly, 'I'm ready!'

"And then, sir, the mate's 'ard, grim face broke up all to once, like I've seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched the little un up in 'is arms, kissed 'im, and burst out a-cryin' like a child; and I think there warn't one of us as didn't do the same. I know I did for one.

" 'God bless you, my lad!' says he, pattin' 'im on the 'ead wi' 'is greet 'ard 'and. 'You're a true Englishman, every inch of you; you wouldn't tell a lie to save your life! Well, if so be as yer father's cast yer off, I'll be yer father from this day forth; and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me!'

"And he kep' 'is word, too. When we gotto 'Alifax, he looked out the little un's aunt, and gev' er a lump o' money to make 'im comfortable; and noo he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as reg'lar as can be; and to see the pair on 'em together—the little chap so fond of 'im, and not bearin' 'im a bit o' grudge—it's 'boot as pretty a picter as I ever seed. And noo, sir, axin' yer pardin', it's time for me to be goin' below; so I'll just wish ye good night."

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STICKING RIGHT TO BUSINESS.—"Whatch doin' Bill?" "Fishin'." "Gimme a hook; mine's broke." "Hain't got no hook." "Then lemme some bait." "Hain't got no bait." "Ketch any fish?" "Naw." "Gittenny bites?" "Naw." "Then watcher doin'?" "Fishin'."

## THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
 Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.  
 Across its antique portico  
 Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw,  
 And from its station in the hall  
 An ancient timepiece says to all,—  
 “Forever — never!  
 Never — forever!”

Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
 And points and beckons with its hands  
 From its case of massive oak,  
 Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
 Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!  
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—  
 “Forever — never!  
 Never — forever!”

By day its voice is low and light;  
 But in the silent dead of night,  
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
 It echoes along the vacant hall,  
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
 And seems to say, at each chamber-door,  
 “Forever — never!  
 Never — forever!”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
 Through days of death and days of birth,  
 Through every swift vicissitude  
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,  
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
 It calmly repeats those words of awe,—  
 “Forever — never!  
 Never — forever!”

In that mansion used to be  
 Free-hearted Hospitality;

His great fires up the chimney roared ;  
The stranger feasted at his board ;  
But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning timepiece never ceased,  
    “ Forever — never !  
        Never — forever ! ”

There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed,  
O precious hours ! O golden prime !  
And affluence of love and time !  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—  
    “ Forever — never !  
        Never — forever ! ”

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding night ;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;  
And in the hush that followed the prayer,—  
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—  
    “ Forever — never !  
        Never — forever ! ”

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead ;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
“ Ah ! when shall they all meet again ? ”  
As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—  
    “ Forever — never !  
        Never — forever ! ”

Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain and care,  
And death and time shall disappear,—  
Forever there, but never here !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

## LAVERY'S HENS.

(IRISH DIALECT.)

"I have a first-rate recollection but a very poor memory. I have a distinct recollection of losing ten dollars but for the life of me I can't remember where."

But I can remember a story about a thrifty Hibernian, Michael Lavery by name, who lived in a small cottage on Deversy street, south side, Chicago. The cottage had no yard in front and the rear was ditto. However, it had a cellar and it occurred to Lavery that he might make something out of it by using it as a hen-house. He purchased a number of hens, but one cold night, during the following winter, the water pipes burst, flooded the cellar and drowned the chickens.

One of his neighbors told him that if he would present the matter to the water commissioner, the city would make good his loss. Without further delay Lavery started for the Commissioner's office, and entering an outer room, approached the clerk.

"Good marning sor! I'm Michael Lavery an' I live on Deversy street on the south side, an' I kape chickens in me cellar an' the water came in an' drown'd thim, what 'll I do?"

"Sir?"

"I'm Michael Lavery sor, an' I live on Deversy street on the south side, an' I kape chickens in me cellar an' the water come in an' drown'd thim what 'll I do?"

"What did you say, sir?"

"*I'm Michael Lavery sor, an' I live on Deversy street on the south side, an' I kape chickens in me cellar an' the water come in an' drown'd thim, what 'll I do?*"

"I don't know what you say, sir. Please tell it so I can understand you?"

"**I'M MICHAEL LAVERY SOR, AN' I LIVE ON DEVERSY STREET ON THE SOUTH SIDE, AN' I KAPE CHICKENS IN ME CELLAR AN' THE WATER COME IN AN' DROWN'D THIM, WHAT 'LL I DO?**"

"Oh! I see, you kept chickens in your cellar, and the water came in and drowned them?"

"Yes, sor."

"Well, you step into the next room and you'll find the commissioner at his desk. Tell him what you want. But, I say, Lavery, when you come out tell me what he says, will you?"

"I will, sor." (*Exit to next room.*)

"Good morning, sor. I'm Michael Lavery an' I live on Deversy street on the south side, an' I kape chickens in me cellar an' the water come in an' drown'd thim, what 'll I do?"

"Sir."

*"I'm Michael Lavery an' I live on Deversy street on the south side, an' I kape chickens in me cellar an' the water come in an' drown'd thim, what 'll I do?"*

"What, sir?"

*"I'M MICHAEL LAVERY AN' I LIVE ON DEVERSY STREET ON THE SOUTH SIDE, AN' I KAPE CHICKENS IN ME CELLAR AN' THE WATER COME IN AN' DROWN'D THIM, WHAT 'LL I DO?"*

"The water come in and drowned your chickens, what 'll you do?"

"Yes, sor."

"Well sir, I can do nothing for you, so, good morning."

(*Clerk to Lavery as he passes through other room.*)

"Well Mr Lavery, what did he say?"

"—Kape Ducks."

### BLACK AS A NAGER.

An Irishman, with his family, landing at Philadelphia, was assisted on shore by a negro who spoke to Patrick in Irish. The latter taking the black fellow for one of his fellow countrymen, asked him how long he had been in America. "About four months," was the reply.

The Irishman turned to his wife and said, "Holy father, but four months in this country and black as a nager."

## AN ENCOUNTER WITH AN INTERVIEWER.

NOTE.—The words of Mr. "Twain" should be spoken in a drawling tone; those of the Interviewer sprightly.

The nervous, dapper, "pert" young man took the chair—I offered him, and said he was connected with the *Daily Thunderstorm*, and added:

"Hoping it's no harm, I've come to interview you."

"Come to what?"

"To interview you; to get acquainted with your wife, your family, your——"

"Ah! I see. Yes—yes. Um! Yes—yes, interview, interview. (Business of leafing through a book.)

"How do you spell it?"

"Spell what?"

"Why this er-er-enterview."

"Why, my goodness! what do you want to spell it for?"

"Now, see here, I don't want to spell it; I want to see what it means."

"I can tell you, if you—if you——"

"O, all right! That will answer, that will do, and much obliged to you, too."

"In, in, ter, ter, inter——"

"Then you spell it with an *I*?"

"Why, certainly!"

"With a capital *I*?"

"Why, yes, yes!"

"O, that is what took me so long. I might have known better than that."

"Why, my dear sir, what did *you* propose to spell it with?"

"Well, I—I—hardly know. I had Webster's unabridged dictionary, and I was ciphering around in the back end, hoping I might tree her among the pictures. But it's a very old edition."

"Why, my dear friend, they wouldn't have a *picture* of it in even the latest e—— I beg you pardon sir, I mean no harm in the world, but you do not look as—as-intelligent as I had expec—"'

"O, don't mention it! Don't mention it. It has often been said, and by people who would not flatter and who could have no inducement to flatter, that I am quite remarkable in that way. Yes—yes they always speak of it with rapture."

"I can easily imagine it. But about this interview. You know it is the custom, now, to interview any man who has become notorious."

"Ah! indeed, I had not heard of it before. It must be interesting. What do you do with it?"

"This is disheartening. It *ought* to be done with a club in some cases; but customarily it consists in the interviewer asking questions, and the interviewed answering them. It is all the rage. Now, sir, will you let me ask you certain questions calculated to bring out the salient points of your public and private history?"

"O, with pleasure—with pleasure. I have a very bad memory, but I hope you will not mind that. That is to say, it is an irregular memory—singularly irregular. Sometimes it goes at a gallop, and then again it will be as much as a fortnight passing a given point. Oh! this is a great grief to me."

"O, it is no matter, so you will try to do the best you can."

"I will. I will put my whole mind on it."

"Thanks. Are you ready to begin?"

"Ready."

Q. How old are you?

A. Nineteen, in June.

Q. Indeed! I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six. Where were you born?

A. Eh? born.

Q. Yes, sir, where were you born?

A. Why I was born in Massa—no, New Ham—no, now let me see where was I born? I was born in the United States somewhere I know. Oh! yes, I was born in Missip—no, I wasn't. Oh yes, in Missouri.

Q. Ah! born in Missouri. When did you begin to write?

A. In 1836.

Q. Why, how could that be, if you are only nineteen now?

A. I don't know. It does seem curious, somehow.

Q. It does, indeed. Whom do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?

A. Aaron Burr.

Q. But you never could have met Aaron Burr, if you are only nineteen years—

A. Now, see here, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for?

Q. I beg your pardon, sir, it was only a suggestion; nothing more. How did you happen, happen to meet Burr?

A. Well; I happened, happened to be at his funeral one day, and he asked me to make less noise, and—

Q. But, good heavens! if you were at his funeral, he must have been dead; and if he were dead, how could he care whether you made a noise or not?

A. I don't know. He was always a particular kind of a man that way.

Q. Still, I don't understand it all. You say he spoke to you and that he was dead.

A. I didn't say he was dead.

Q. But wasn't he dead?

A. Well, some said he was, some said he wasn't.

Q. What did you think?

A. Oh, it was none of my business! It wasn't any of my funeral.

Q. Did you—However, we can never get this matter straight. Let me ask you something else. What was the date of your birth?

A. Monday, October 31st, 1700.

Q. Monday, October 31st, 1700—whew—impossible! let me see—why that would make you a hundred and ninety years old. How do you account for that?

A. I don't account for it at all.

Q. But you said at first you were only nineteen, and now you make yourself out to be over a hundred and ninety. It is an awful discrepancy.

A. Why, have you noticed that? Shake hands. Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy, but.

somehow I couldn't make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing! eh?

Q. Thank you for the compliment, as far as it goes. But had you, or have you, any brothers or sisters?

A. Eh! I—I—I think so—yes—but I don't remember.

Q. Well, that is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard.

A. Why, what makes you think that?

Q. How could I think otherwise? Why, look here! Who is that a picture of on the wall? Isn't that a brother of yours?

A. Oh, yes, yes, yes! Now you remind me of it; that was a brother of mine. Yes that's—that's—that's William—Bill we called him. Poor old Bill!

Q. Why? Is he dead then?

A. Ah! well, I suppose so. We never could tell. There was a great mystery about it.

Q. That is sad, very sad. He disappeared, then?

A. Well, yes, in a sort of general way. We buried him.

Q. Buried him! Buried him, without knowing whether he was dead or not?

A. Oh, no! Not that. He was dead enough.

Q. Well, I confess that I can't understand this. If you buried him, and you knew he was dead—

A. No! no! We only thought he was.

Q. Oh, I see. He came to life again?

A. Well, you just bet he didn't.

Q. Now see here, somebody was dead. Somebody was buried. Now—now—now—where was the mystery?

A. Now that's just it! That's it exactly. You see, we were twins—defunct and I—and we got mixed in the bath-tub when we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned. But we didn't know which. Some think it was Bill. Some think it was I.

Q. Well that is remarkable. What do you think?

A. Goodness knows! I would give whole worlds to know. This solemn, this awful mystery has cast a gloom over my whole life. But I will tell you a secret now, which I never have revealed to any creature before. One of us

had a peculiar mark—a large mole on the back of his left hand—that was me. *That's the child that was drowned!*

Then the young man reverently withdrew. He was very pleasant company, and I was sorry to see him go. I need not say that I have never been troubled with interviewers since.\*

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.

\* It will be seen that the irrepressible interviewer is here regarded as a nuisance. While the great humorist talks freely enough, and desires to be agreeable, he purposely avoids saying anything for publication and is constantly making game of the reporter. In this way he finally got rid of him.—EDITOR.

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### HEART'S EASE.

Of all the bonny buds that blow  
 In bright or cloudy weather,  
 Of all the flowers that come and go  
 The whole twelve months together,  
 This little, purple pansy brings  
 Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things!

I had a little lover once  
 Who used to give me posies,  
 His eyes were blue as hyacinths,  
 His cheeks were red as roses,  
 And everybody loved to praise  
 His pretty looks and winsome ways.

The girls, who went to school with me,  
 Made little jealous speeches,  
 Because he brought me loyally  
 His biggest plums and peaches;  
 And always at the door would wait  
 To—to carry home my books and slate!

They "couldn't see,"—with pout and fling,—  
 "The mighty fascination

About that little snub-nosed thing,  
To win such admiration !  
As if there weren't a dozen girls  
With brighter eyes and longer curls ! ”

And this I knew, as well as they,  
And never could see clearly,  
Why, more than Marion or May,  
I should be loved so dearly ;  
And once I asked him, “ Why was this ? ”  
He answered only with a kiss !

But, then I teased, “ Tell me *why*,  
I want to know the reason ! ”  
Then, from the garden-bed near by,—  
The pansies were in season,—  
He plucked and gave a flower to me  
With sweet and simple gravity.

“ The garden is in bloom,” he said,—,  
“ With lilies pale and slender,  
With roses and verbenas red,  
And fuchsia's purple splendor ;  
But over and above the rest  
This little heart's-ease suits me best ! ”

“ Am I your little heart's-ease, then ? ”  
I asked with blushing pleasure.  
He answered, “ Yes ! and yes again !  
Heart's-ease and dearest treasure,  
That the round world and all the sea  
Held nothing half so dear as me ! ”

I listened with a proud delight,  
Too rare for words to capture,  
And never dreamed that sudden blight  
Would come to still my rapture,—  
Could I foresee the tender bloom  
Of pansies 'round a little tomb !

Life holds some stern experience,  
As most of us discover,  
And I've had other losses since  
I lost my little lover;  
But still this purple pansy brings  
Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things!

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### THE FOXES' TAILS.

( SCOTCH DIALECT. )

The characters represented are the Scotch minister and Sandy MacDonald, the precentor.

The minister meeting the precentor, said: "Weel, Sandy, man; and how did ye like the sermon the day?"

During the conversation that followed the precentor accuses the minister of "exaggeration," "amplification" and of "stretching the pint." Ultimately, it was agreed between them, that the first word of exaggeration from the pulpit was to elicit a whistle from Sandy who always sat immediately in front of the minister.

Next Sunday came; the sermon had been rigorously trimmed and the minister seated himself in the pulpit with a radiant smile, as he thought of the discomfiture of Sandy. Sandy sat down as imperturbable as usual, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. Had the minister only stuck to his sermon that day, he would have done very well, and had the laugh against Sandy, which he anticipated at the end of the service. But it was his habit, before his sermon, to read a chapter from the Bible, adding such remarks and explanations of his own as he thought necessary. He generally selected such passages as contained a number of *kittle pints*, so that his marvelous powers of *eloocidation* might be called into play. On the present occasion he had chosen one that bristled with difficulties. It was that chapter that describes Sampson as catching three hundred foxes, tying them tail to tail, setting firebrands in their midst, starting them among the standing corn of the Philistines, and burning it down. As he closed the description, he shut the book, and commenced the *eloocidation* as follows:

"My dear freends, I daresay you have been wondering in your minds how it was possible for Sampson to catch three hundred foxes. You or me couldna catch one fox, let alone three hundred—the beasts run so fast. It takts a great company of dogs and horses and men to catch a fox, and they do not always catch it then—the cra'ter whiles gets away. But lo and behold! here we have one single man, all by himself, catching three hundred of

them. Now how did he do it?—that's the pint; and at first sight it looks a gey an' kittle pint. But it's not so kittle as it looks, my freends; and if you give me your undivided attention for a few minutes I'll clear away the the whole difficulty, and mak what now seems dark and incomprehensible to your uninstructed minds as clear as the sun in his noonday meridian.

" Well, then, we are told in the Scriptures that Samson was the strongest man that ever lived; and, furthermore, we are told in the chapter next after the one we have been reading, that he was a very polite man; for when he was in the house of Dagon, he *bowed with all his might*; and if some of you, my freends, would only bow with *half* your might it would be all the better for you. But, although we are told all this, we are not told that he was a great runner. But if he catched these three hundred foxes he must have been a great runner, an awful runner; in fact, the greatest runner that ever was born. But, my freends—an' here's the *eloocidation o'* the matter—ye'll please bear this in mind, that although we are not told he *was* the greatest runner that ever lived, still we're not told he *wasna*; and therefore I contend that we have a perfect right to assume, by all the laws of Logic and Scientific History, that he was the fastest runner that ever was born; and that was how he catched his three hundred foxes!

" But after we get rid of this difficulty, my freends, another crops up—after he has catched his three hundred foxes, how does he manage to keep them all together? This looks almost as kittle a pint as the other—to some it might look even kittler; but if you will only bring your common sense to bear on the question, the difficulty will disappear like the morning cloud, and the early dew that withereth away.

" Now you will please bear in mind, in the *first place*, that it was *foxes* that Samson catched. Now we don't catch foxes, as a general rule, in the streets of a *toon*; therefore, it is more than probable that Sampson catched them in the *country*, and if he catched them in the country it is natural to suppose that he 'bided in the country; and if he 'bided in the country it is not unlikely that he

lived at a farm-house. Now at farm-houses we have stables, and byres, and coach-houses, and barns, and *therefore* we may now consider it a settled pint, that as he catched his foxes, one by one, he stapped them into a good sized barn, and steeked the door and locked it,—*here we overcome the second stumbling block*. But no sooner have we done this, than a third rock of offense loups up to fickle us. After he has catched his foxes; after he has got them all snug in the barn under lock and key—*how in the world did he tie their tails thegither?* There is a fickler. You or me couldna tie two o' their tails thegither—let alone three hundred; for, not to speak about the beasts girnning and biting us a' the time we were tying them, the *tails themselves are not long enough*. How then was he able to tie them all? That's the pint—and it is about the *kittlist pint* you or me has ever had to *eloocidate*. Common sense is no good to't. No more is Latin or Greek; no more Logic or Metaphysics; no more is Natural Philosophy or Moral Philosophy; no more is Rhetoric or Bell's Letters, even, and I've studied them a' mysel'; but it is a great thing for poor, ignorant folk like ye, that great and learned men have been to colleges, and universities, and seats o' learning—like mysel', ye ken—and instead o' going into the kirk, like me, or into physic, like the doctor, or into law, like the lawyer, they have gone traveling into foreign parts; and they have written books o' their travels; and you and me can read their books. Now, among other places, some of these learned men have traveled into *Canaan*, and some into *Palestine*, and some few into the *HOLY LAND*; and these last mentioned travelers tell us, that in these Eastern or Oriental climes, the foxes there are *a total different breed o' cattle a'thegither frae our foxes*; that they are *great big beasts*—and, what's the most astonishing thing about them, and what helps to explain this wonderful feat of Samson's, is, that they've all got *most extraordinary long tails*; in fact, these travelers tell us that these foxes' tails are actually *forty feet long*.

PRECENTOR (whistles).

MINISTER (somewhat disturbed). Oh! I ought to say that there are *other travelers*, and *later travelers* than the travelers I've been talking to you about, and they say

this statement is rather an EXAGGERATION on the whole, and that these foxes' tails are never more than *twenty feet long*.

PRECENTOR (whistles).

MINISTER (disturbed and confused). Be—be—before I leave this subject a'thegither, my friends, I may jeest add that there has been considerable diversity o' opinion about the length o' these animals' tails. Ye see one man differs frae another man, and I've spent a good lot o' learned research in the matter mysel'; and after examining one authority, and another authority, and putting one authority agin the ither authority, I've come to the conclusion that these foxes' tails are seldom more than *fifteen and a half feet long*.

PRECENTOR (whistles).

MINISTER (angrily). Sandy MacDonald, I'll no tak anither inch aff o' the beast's tails, even gin ye should whustle every tooth oot o' your head. Do ye think the foxes o' the Scriptures had na tails at a'?

#### ALEX-AND-HER.

THERE was a chap who kept a store,  
And though there might be grander,  
He sold his goods to all who came,  
And his name was Alexander.

He mixed his goods with cunning hand,  
He was a skillful brander;  
And, since his sugar was half sand,  
They called him Alex-Sander.

He had his dear one, and she came,  
And lovingly he scanned her;  
He asked her would she change her name,  
Then a ring did Alex-hand-her.

"Oh, yes," she said, with smiling lip,  
 " If I can be commander ; "  
 And so they framed a partnership,  
 And called it Alex-and-her.

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### THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,  
 Quit, oh ! quit this mortal frame !  
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,—  
 Oh the pain — the bliss of dying !  
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life !

Hark ! they whisper : angels say,  
 " Sister spirit, come away !"  
 What is this absorbs me quite,—  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?—  
 Tell me, my soul ! can this be death ?

The world recedes — it disappears ;  
 Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears  
 With sounds seraphic ring :  
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly !  
 O Grave ! where is thy victory ?  
 O Death ! where is thy sting ?

ALEXANDER POPE.

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### "'RASTUS."

Um-m, fo' de Lod's sake ! da am dat chile down da on  
 dat rail track agin playin' wid dat white trash. Fust  
 thing yo' know he dun gon' git kill. Look heah 'Rastus,  
 come in heah off da railroad track. Quit playin' with dat  
 I'sh trash. Clar to goodness folks think yo' was I'sh.  
 Dey lick all de lasses off yo' bread, den de call yo' nigge.  
 Um-m, deed dey will ! Come right in de house heah !  
 Oh ! I slap de life out o' yo' ! De idea ! yo' hab yo' poor  
 ole mudder's life worried out o' her. 'Rastus, come in  
 heah. Yo heah' me ?

## TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

SOME doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword. And if that does not satisfy you, go to France, to the splendid mausoleum of the Counts of Rochambeau, and to the eight thousand graves of Frenchmen who skulked home under the English flag, and ask them. And if that does not satisfy you, come home, and if it had been October, 1859, you might have come back by way of quaking Virginia, and asked her what she thought of negro courage.

You may also remember this,—that we Saxons were slaves about four hundred years, sold with the land, and our fathers never raised a finger to end that slavery. They waited till Christianity and civilization, till commerce and the discovery of America, melted away their chains. Every race has been, some time or another, in chains. But there never was a race that, weakened and degraded by such chattel slavery, unaided, tore off its own fetters, forged them into swords, and won its liberty on the battle-field, but one, and that was the black race of St. Domingo.

So much for the courage of the negro. Now look at his endurance. In 1805 he said to the white men, "This island is ours; not a white foot shall touch it." Side by side with him stood the South American republics, planted by the best blood of the countrymen of Lope de Vega and Cervantes. They topple over so often that you could no more daguerreotype their crumbling fragments than you could the waves of the ocean. And yet, at their side, the negro has kept his island sacredly to himself.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver of seventy years; and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave trade in the humblest village in his dominions.

You think me a fanatic to-night, for you read history not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright, consummate flower of our earlier civilization, and John Brown the ripe fruit of our noon-day; then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

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### THE BLUE WART.

Young Mulkettle went to school a few days ago for the first time. He had been carried through a course of sprouts at home in preparation for the heavier duties of school life, and his examinations were so satisfactory that Mrs. Mulkettle congratulated herself on her skill as a teacher. It was decided that he should attend a private school, taught by a pious maiden lady, with angular shape and a blue wart on the side of her nose.

"Now Miss Ray," said Mrs. Mulkettle, when she presented the boy for the first time to the teacher, "I want you to make him mind you. I don't think you will find him self-willed. He is easily governed by kind treatment. I think he will become very much attached to you and I feel sure that you will learn to love him."

"Oh, I am quite sure," replied Miss Ray, who had been much more successful in her love affairs with chil-

dren than she had with men. "All my scholars love me. Don't throw paper wads, Tommy Peters. They soon learn that though I am gentle, I will be obeyed. Johnny Amos, don't rake the wall with that nail!"

"Well, I will leave him with you, Miss Ray. Willie, be a good boy."

"Yess'um."

"Don't let me hear any bad reports from you."

"No'um."

"Come here my little man and let me see how far you are advanced," said Miss Ray when his mother had gone.

"I am way past baker and shady and lady and I can read and write easy words, and (*looking up he notices the wart*) what's that on your nose?"

"You can read some, can you?"

"Imph-m. What's that on your nose?"

"Its a wart. Now pay attention to me."

"It's a mighty funny wart. What kind of a wart is it?"

"I don't know. Now pay attention to me."

"You know its blue, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Thought you didn't know."

"Hush, now, and let me see how far you have gone."

"Does it hurt?"

"No."

"Why don't you pick it?"

"Hush now children. You are enough to drive a body wild."

"Don't you wish it wasn't there?"

"No. Now look here."

"I am looking there. Why don't you pull that hair out of it—Oh! no it ain't a hair. I thought it was."

"If you don't stop asking so many questions, I'll send you home."

"But I want to know what I want to know, just as bad as you want to know what you want to know."

"Well, what do you want to know. I'll satisfy you if it is in my power."

"How long has that wart been there?"

"Ever since I can remember."

"Has it been blue all the time?"

"Yes."

"Will it always be blue?"

"I suppose it will."

"Don't you ever try to take it off?"

"No."

"Why haven't you?"

"Because I haven't."

"Why because you haven't?"

"I don't know."

"Why?"

"You are enough to drive a body crazy."

"It keeps you from getting married, don't it? Cause no body wouldn't want—"

"You leave here this minute, you good for nothing little rascal. Go home and don't you ever come back again."

#### A HINDOO TALE.

A Hindoo died,—a happy thing to do  
When twenty years united to a shrew.  
Released, he joyfully for entrance cries  
Before the gates of Brahma's paradise.

"Hast been through purgatory?" Brahma said,  
"I've been married,"—and meekly hung his head.  
"Come in, come in, and welcome, too, my son!  
Marriage and purgatory are as one."  
With bliss supreme he entered heaven's door,  
And felt the peace he ne'er had known before.

He scarce had entered the garden fair,  
Another Hindoo asked admission there.  
The self-same question Brahma asked again:  
"Hast been through purgatory?" "No—what then?"  
"Thou canst not enter!" did the sage reply.  
"He who went in has been no more than I."  
"All that is true, but he has married been,  
And so on earth has suffered for all sin."  
"Married? Ah! 'tis well; I've been married twice."  
"Begone! We'll have no fools in Paradise?"

## DRIFTING.

My soul to-day is far away,  
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;  
My winged boat, a bird afloat,  
Swims round the purple peaks remote:—

Round purple peaks it sails, and seeks  
Blue inlets, and their crystal creeks,  
Where high rocks throw, through deeps below,  
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague and dim, the mountains swim:  
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,  
With outstretched hands, the gray smoke stands  
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles o'er liquid miles;  
And yonder, bluest of the isles,  
Calm Capri waits, her sapphire gates  
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if my rippling skiff  
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—  
With dreamful eyes my spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise.

The day, so mild, is Heaven's own child,  
With Earth and Ocean reconciled;—  
The airs I feel around me steal  
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail my hand I trail  
Within the shadow of the sail,  
A joy intense, the cooling sense,  
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes my spirit lies  
Where Summer sings and never dies,—  
O'erveiled with vines, she glows and shines  
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children hid the cliffs amid,  
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid ;  
Or down the walls, with tipsy calls,  
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child, with tresses wild,  
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,  
With glowing lips sings as she skips,  
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes where traffic blows,  
From lands of sun to lands of snows ;—  
This happier one, its course is run  
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

Oh, happy ship, to rise and dip,  
With the blue crystal at your lip !  
Oh, happy crew, my heart with you  
Sails, and sails, and sings anew !

No more, no more the worldly shore  
Upbraids me with its loud uproar !  
With dreamful eyes my spirit lies  
Under the walls of Paradise.

T. B. READ.

#### A FRENCHMAN'S OPINION OF THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

"Ah ! your Mossieu' Shak-es-pier ! He is gr-r-aa-and  
—mysterieuse—soo-blime ! You 'ave reads ze Macabess ?  
—ze scene of ze Mossieu' Macabess vis ze Vitch—eh ?  
Superb sooblimitee ? W'en he say to ze Vitch, 'Ar-r-  
roynt ze, Vitch !' she go away : but what she say when  
she go away ? She say she will do s'omesing dat ayes got  
no naame ! 'Ah, ha !' she say, 'I go, like ze r-r-aa-t vizout  
ze tail *but I'll do ! I'll do ! I'll do !*' W'at she do ? Ah, ha !

—voila le graand mysterieuse Mossieu' Shak-es-pier! She not say what she do!"

This was "grand," to be sure: but the prowess of Macbeth, in his "bout" with Macduff, awakens all the mercurial Frenchman's martial ardor:—

"Mossieu' Macabess, he see him come, clos' by; he say (proud *empressment*), 'Come o-o-n, Mossieu' Macduffs, and d—d be he who first say *Enoffs!*' Zen zey fi-i-ght—moche. Ah, ha!—voila! Mossieu' Macabess, vis his br-r-right r-r-apier 'pink' him, vat you call, in his body. He 'ave gots mal d'estomac: he say, vis grand simplicite, '*Enoffs!*' What *for* he say '*Enoffs?*' 'Cause he *got* enoffs—plaantly; and he expire, r-r-right away, 'mediately, pretty quick! Ah, mes amis, Mossieu' Shak-es-pier is rising man in La Belle France!"

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#### A TEXAS DUEL.

The other day a duel was fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this case it was better to be Shott than Nott.

There was a rumor that Nott was not shot but Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot, notwithstanding.

Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot, shot Nott, or, as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot, shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot and Nott would be not.

We think, however, that the shot Shott shot, shot not Shott, but Nott; anyway it was hard to tell who was shot.

## SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

( IRISH DIALECT. )

The war of 1792-'98 was the most disastrous recorded in Irish history. The loss of life was enormous. Some counties were almost depopulated.

JIST afther the war, in the year '98,  
 Whin the byes of auld Ireland wor scattered and bate,  
 'Twas the custom, whinever a pisant was got,  
 To hang him by thrial — barrin' sich as was shot.  
 There was trial by jury goin' on by daylight,  
 And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by night.  
 It 's thim was hard times for an honest gossoon:  
 If he missed in the judges — he 'd meet a dragoon;  
 An' whether the sodgers or judges gev sentence,  
 The devil a much time they allowed for repintence.  
 An' it 's many 's the fine bye was thin on his keepin'  
 Wid small share iv restin' or atin' or sleepin'.  
 An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,  
 A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet —  
 Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,  
 With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay;  
 An' the bravest an' hardiest bye iv them all  
 Was SHAMUS O'BRIEN, from the town iv Glingall.

His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,  
 An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half so white;  
 But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,  
 And his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red.

An' for all that he wasn't an ugly young bye,  
 For the devil himself couldn't blaze with his eye,  
 So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,  
 Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night!  
 An' he was the best mower that ever has been,  
 An' the illigantist hurler that ever was seen.  
 An' in fencin' he gave Patrick Mooney a cut,  
 An' in jumpin' he bate Tim Mulloney a fut;  
 An' for lightness of fut there was n't his peer,

For, be gorra, he could almost outrun the red deer!  
 An' his dancin was sich that the men used to stare.  
 An' the women turn crazy, he did it so quare;  
 An' by gorra, the whole world gev in to him there.  
 An' it 's he was the bye that was hard to be caught,  
 An' it 's often he run, an' it 's often he fought,  
 An' it 's many the one can remimber right well  
 The quare things he done: an' it 's often I heerd tell  
 How he frightened the magistrates in Caharbally,  
 An' 'scaped through the sodgers in Aherloe valley;  
 How he lathered the yeomen, himself agin four,  
 An' stretched the two strongest on old Galtimore.

But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,  
 And in the darkness of night he was taken at last.

An' as soon as a few weeks was over an gone,  
 The terrible day iv the thrial kem on,  
 There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,  
 An' sodgers on guard, an' dhragoons sword-in-hand;  
 An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered,  
 An' attorneys an' criers on the point iv bein' smothered;  
 An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,  
 An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead;  
 An' the judge settled out so detarmined an' big  
 With his gown on his back, and an illegant new wig;  
 An' silence was called, an' the minute it was said  
 The court was as still as the heart of the dead,  
 An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,  
 An' SHAMUS O'BRIEN kem into the dock.

For a minute he turned his eye round on the throng,  
 An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so strong,  
 An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,  
 A chance to escape, nor a word to defend;  
 An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,  
 As calm and as cold as a statue of stone;  
 And they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,  
 An' JIM didn't understand it, nor mind it a taste,  
 An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, and he says,  
 "Are you guilty or not, JIM O'BRIEN, av you plase?"

An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,  
 An' SHAMUS O'BRIEN made answer and said :  
 " My lord, if you ask me, if in my life-time  
 I thought any treason, or did any crime  
 That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,  
 The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,  
 Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow  
 Before GOD and the world I would answer you, no !  
 But if you would ask me, as I think it like,  
 If in the rebellion I carried a pike,  
 An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,  
 An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,  
 I answer you, yis ; and I tell you agin',  
 Though I stand here to perish, it 's my glory that thin  
 In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhry,  
 An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,  
 An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light ;  
 By my sowl, it's himself was the crabbed ould chap !  
 In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.  
 Then SHAMUS' mother in the crowd standin' by,  
 Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry :  
 "O, judge ! darlin', don't, O, don't say the word !  
 The crather is young, have mercy, my lord ;  
 He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin' ;  
 You don't know him, my l<sup>o</sup>rd—O, don't give him to ruin !  
 He's the kindliest crathur, the tindherest-hearted ;  
 Don't part us forever, we that 's so long parted.  
 Judge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,  
 An' God will forgive—O, don't, don't say the word !"

That was the first minute that O'BRIEN was shaken,  
 Whin he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken ;  
 An' down his pale cheeks, at the word of his mother,  
 The big tears wor runnin' fast, one afther th' other ;  
 An' two or three times he endeavored to spake,  
 But the sthrong manly voice used to falther and break ;  
 But at last, by the strength of his high-mounting pride,  
 He conquered and masthered his grief's swelling tide,

"An'," says he, "mother, darlin', don't break your poor  
 For, sooner or later, the dearest must part; [heart,  
 And God knows it's better than wandering in fear  
 On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,  
 To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and breast,  
 From thought, labor, and sorrow, forever shall rest.  
 Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,  
 Don't make me seem broken, in this, my last hour,  
 For I wish, when my head's lyin' undher the raven,  
 No threeman can say that I died like a craven!"  
 Thin towards the Judge, SHAMUS bent down his head,  
 An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.

At last they threw open the big prison-gate,  
 An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in state,  
 An' a cart in the middle an' SHAMUS was in it,  
 Not paler, but prouder than iver, that minute.  
 An' as soon as the people saw SHAMUS O'BRIEN,  
 Wid prayin' and blessin', and all the girls cryin',  
 A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees,  
 Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees.  
 On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,  
 An' the cart an' the sodgers go steadily on;  
 An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,  
 A wild, sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.  
 Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,  
 An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand;  
 An' the priest, havin' blest him, goes down on the ground  
 An' SHAMUS O'BRIEN throws one last look around.

Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the people grew still,  
 Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turn chill;  
 An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,  
 For the gripe iv the life-strangling chord to prepare;  
 An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.  
 But the good priest did more, for his hands he unbound  
 An' with one daring spring JIM has leaped on the ground;  
 Bang! bang! goes the carbines, and clash goes the sabres;  
 He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him, neighbors!  
 Through the smoke and the horses he's into the crowd,—  
 By the heavens, he's free!— \* \* \* \* \*

The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,  
 An' Father MALONE lost his new Sunday hat;  
 To-night he 'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,  
 An' the divil 's in the dice if you catch him ag'in.  
 Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,  
 But if you want hangin' it 's yourself you must hang.

Well, a week after this time without firing a cannon,  
 A sharp, Yankee schooner sailed out of the Shannon,  
 And the captain left word he was going to Cork,  
 But the divil a bit, he was bound for New York.  
 The very next spring, a bright morning in May,  
 Just six months after the great hangin' day,  
 A letter was brought to the town of Kildare.  
 An' on the outside was written out fair  
 "To ould Mistress O'Brien in Ireland or elsewhere."  
 And the inside began, "My dear good old mother,  
 I'm safe—and I'm happy—and not wishing to bother  
 You in the readin' (with the help of the priest)  
 I send you inclosed in this letter at least  
 Enough to pay him and fetch you away  
 To this land of the free and the brave, Amerikay.  
 Here you 'll be happy and never nade cryin'  
 So long as you 're mother of Shamus O'Brien.  
 An' give me love to swate Biddy and tell her beware  
 Of that spaldeen who calls himself Lord of Kildare.  
 An' just tell the Judge, I don't care a rap,  
 For him or his wig, or his dirty black cap,  
 An' as for dragoons, thim paid men of slaughter,  
 Just say that I love them as the divil loves holy water.  
 An' now my good mother, one word of advice:  
 Fill your bag with pittatyes and whusky and rice,  
 An' when you start from ould Ireland take passage at Cork  
 An' come straight over to the town of New York,  
 An' there ax the mayor the best way to go  
 To the state of Cincinnati in the town of Ohio,  
 For 'tis there you will find me without much tryin'  
 At the Harp and the Eagle kept by Shamus O'Brien."

NOTE.—The authorship of this poem is in doubt. It is sometimes credited to J. S. LE FANU, but usually to SAMUEL LOVER. See Dublin University Magazine, July, 1850.

## POPULAR SUFFRAGE MADE SAFE BY EDUCATION.

WE are apt to be deluded into false security by political catch-words, devised to flatter rather than instruct. We have happily escaped the dogma of the divine right of kings. Let us not fall into the equally pernicious error that multitude is divine because it is a multitude. The words of our great publicist, the late Dr. Lieber, whose faith in republican liberty was undoubted, should never be forgotten. In discussing the doctrine of "*Vox Populi, vox Dei*," he said:

"Woe to the country in which political hypocrisy first calls the people almighty, then teaches that the voice of the people is divine, then pretends to take a mere clamor for the true voice of the people, and lastly, gets up the desired clamor."

This sentence ought to be read in every political caucus. It would make an interesting and significant preamble to most of our political platforms. It is only when the people speak truth and justice that their voice can be called "the voice of God." Our faith in the democratic principle rests upon the belief that intelligent men will see that their highest political good is in liberty, regulated by just and equal laws; and that in the distribution of political power it is safe to follow the maxim, "Each for all, and all for each." We confront the dangers of the suffrage by the blessings of universal education. We believe that the strength of the state is the aggregate strength of its individual citizens; and that the suffrage is the link, that binds in a bond of mutual interest and responsibility, the fortunes of the citizen to the fortunes of the state. Hence as popular suffrage is the broadest base; so, when coupled with intelligence and virtue it becomes the strongest, the most enduring base on which to build the superstructure of government.

Our great hope for the future,—our great safe-guard against danger,—is to be found in the general and thorough education of our people, and in the virtue which accompanies such education. And all these elements depend in a large measure upon the intellectual

and moral culture of the young men who go out from our various institutions of learning. From the standpoint of this general culture we may trustfully encounter the perils that assail us. Secure against dangers from abroad; united at home by the strongest ties of common interest and patriotic pride; holding and unifying our vast territory by the most potent forces of civilization; relying upon the intelligent strength and responsibility of each citizen, and most of all upon the power of truth,—without undue arrogance, we may hope that in the centuries to come, our Republic will continue to live, and hold its high place among nations as “The heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time.”

J. A. GARFIELD.

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#### AMERICAN EVOLUTION.

The political mission of the United States has so far been wrought out by individuals and territorial conditions. Four men of unequal genius dominated our century, and the growth of the West has revolutionized the Republic. The principles which have heretofore controlled the policy of the country have mainly owed their force and acceptance to Hamilton, Jefferson, Webster and Lincoln. The two great creative contests of America were purely defensive. They were neither the struggles of dynastic ambitions nor of democratic revenges. They were calm and determined efforts for good government, and closed without rancor or the husbanding resources for retaliation. The Revolution was a war for the preservation of well-defined constitutional liberties, but dependent upon them were the industrial freedom necessary for the development of the country, the promotion of manufactures, and independence of foreign producers.

At this period, in every part of the world, the doctrine that the Government is the source of power and that the people have only such rights as the Government had given, was practically unquestioned, and the young Republic began its existence with the new dynamic principle that the

people are the sole source of authority, and that the Government has such powers as they grant to it and no others.

For nearly fifty years the prevailing sentiment favored the idea that the Federal compact was a contract between sovereign States. Had the forces of disunion been ready for the arbitrament of arms, the results would have been fatal to the Union. That ablest observer of the American experiment, De Tocqueville, was so impressed by this that he based upon it an absolute prediction of the destruction of the Republic. But at the critical period when the popularity, courage and audacity of General Jackson were almost the sole hope of nationality, Webster delivered in the Senate a speech unequaled in the annals of eloquence for its immediate effects and lasting results. The appeals of Demosthenes to the Athenian democracy, the denunciations of Cicero against the conspiracies of Cataline, the passionate outcries of Mirabeau pending the French Revolution, the warnings of Chatham in the British Parliament, the fervor of Patrick Henry for independence, were of temporary interest and yielded feeble results compared with the tremendous consequences of this mighty utterance. It broke the spell of supreme loyalty to the State and created an unquenchable and resistless patriotism for the United States.

There is an intellectual awakening in this land, and its stimulants affect the well-being and safety of life and property and law. The teachers of disintegration, destruction and infidelity possess the activity of propagandists and the self-sacrificing spirit of martyrs. Their field is ignorance, their recruiting sergeants distress. Only faith grounded in knowledge can meet these dangerous, ceaseless and corrupting influences. In the midst of these perils, the sheet-anchor of the Ship of State is the common school. Ignorance judges the invisible by the visible. Turn on the lights. Teach first and last Americanism. Let no youth leave the school without being thoroughly grounded in the history, the principles and the incalculable blessings of American Liberty. Let the boys be the trained soldiers of constitutional freedom, and the girls the intelligent mothers of free-men.

As the human race has moved along down the

centuries, the vigorous and ambitious, the dissenters from blind obedience and the original thinkers, the colonists and State builders, have broken camp with the morning, and followed the sun until the close of day. They have tarried for ages in fertile valleys and beside great streams; they have been retarded by barriers of mountains and seas beyond their present resources to overcome; but as the family grew into the tribe, the tribe into the nation, and equal authority into the despotism of courts and creeds, those who possessed the indomitable and unconquerable spirit of freedom, have seen the promise flashed from the clouds in the glorious rays of the sinking orb of day, and first with despair and courage, and then with courage and hope, and lastly with faith and prayer, they have marched westward. In the purification and trials of wandering and settlement they have left behind narrow and degrading laws, traditions, customs and castes, until now, as the Occident faces the Orient across the Pacific and the globe is circled, at the last stop and in their permanent home the individual is the basis of government, and all men are equal before the law. The glorious example of the triumphant success of the people governing themselves fans the feeble spirit of the effete and exhausted Asiatic with the possibilities of the replanting of the Garden of Eden and the restoration of the historic grandeur of the birth-place of mankind.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

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#### THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF LIFE.

"The world is a stage, men and women are the players; Chance composes the piece, Fortune distributes the parts; the fools shift the scenery; the philosophers are the spectators; the rich occupy the boxes; the powerful the orchestra; and the poor the gallery. The Forsaken of Lady Fortune snuff the candles, Folly makes the concert, and Time drops the curtain.—Such is the tragico-comedy of life.

## HULLO.

Permission of the "Yankee Blade."

W'EN you see a man in woe,  
 Walk right up and say "Hullo!"  
 Say "Hullo" and "How d'ye do?"  
 How's the world a-usin' you?"  
 Slap the fellow on the back;  
 Bring your hand down with a whack;  
 Walk right up, and don't go slow;  
 Grin an' shake, an' say "Hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? Oh! sho;  
 Walk right up an' say "Hullo!"  
 Rags is but a cotton roll  
 Jest for wrappin' up a soul;  
 An' a soul is worth a true  
 Hale and hearty "How d'ye do?"  
 Don't wait for the crowd to go,  
 Walk right up and say "Hullo!"

When big vessels meet, they say  
 They saloot an' sail away.  
 Jest the same are you an' me  
 Lonesome ships upon a sea;  
 Each one sailin' his own log,  
 For a port behind the fog.  
 Let your speakin' trumpet blow;  
 Lift your horn an' cry "Hullo!"

Say "Hullo!" an' "How d'ye do?"  
 Other folks are good as you.  
 W'en you leave your house of clay  
 Wanderin' in the far away,  
 W'en you travel through the strange  
 Country t'other side the range,  
 Then the souls you've cheered will know  
 Who ye be, an' say "Hullo."

S. W. FOSS.

## THE ORTHOD-OX TEAM.

"HOLD on, stranger! Turn out yonder close to the wall!  
 For the road's rather narrow and I've got it all!  
 Whoa, back, haw there, old Baptist! Whoa, Methodist, whoa!  
 These are oxen that need all the road, you must know.  
 Yes, I drive without swearin', though strange it may seem,  
 For I'm drivin', good stranger, my orthod-ox team!"

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"That Episcopal ox is of excellent breed.  
 He's more noted for style than he is for his speed.  
 Though of delicate structure, this ox will not shirk,  
 But he never was known, sir, to sweat at his work.  
 He's a good, pious ox, never losin' his way,  
 For he reads all the signboards and goes not astray!"

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"There's the good Baptist ox; he's hard shell to the bone;  
 Close communion in diet—he eats all alone!  
 Shakes his head when it's raining and closes his eyes;  
 He hates to be sprinkled, though it comes from the skies!  
 Why he won't cross a bridge unless dragged by the team!  
 He'll go nowhere, I swon, but down into the stream!"

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"Presbyterian, gee! Congregational, haw!  
 They're good stock, let me tell you, and know how to draw!  
 They're so perfectly matched, sir, that very few folk  
 Can tell 'em apart when they're out of the yoke!  
 But you see a slight difference when it is shown:  
 One leans on his elders and one stands alone!"

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

"There's an ox I term Israel, oldest of all;  
 Once he grazed in the garden before Adam's fall;  
 He went into the Ark at the time of the flood,  
 And when Pharaoh starved he was chewin' his cud!  
 There's an ancestry, sir, full of glory, no doubt,  
 But for goring the Master they're scattered about!"

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

“I’ve an ox over there who tends strictly to ‘biz!’  
 He’s the Catholic ox; what a monster he is!  
 And he keeps growin’ big, while he keeps growin’ old!  
 And he never lets go where he once gets a hold!  
 He’s a strong one, you bet! why I never yet spoke  
 But he started right off, with his neck in the yoke!”

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

“There’s old Methodist, one of the best on the road!  
 You’d suppose, by the fuss, he alone dragged the load!  
 How he pulls when I sing hallelujah and shout;  
 But the worst of it, he keeps changin’ about!  
 He was bought on probation, and he works like a top;  
 But I’ve had him three years, and suppose I must swop!

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

“That suave Universalist many admire  
 Think’s the devil’s a myth with his great prairie fire!  
 There’s an Adventist claimin’ to have second sight;  
 If he keeps on a guessin’ he’ll guess the thing right!  
 And the Seventh Day Baptist—their numbers are such  
 If they do break the Sabbath they don’t break it much!”

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

“Got a Spiritist? Yes, sir; I bought one by chance;  
 When it comes to hard work he goes off in a trance!  
 Nothin’ practical, sir, in a medium ox  
 When you have to keep proddin’ with rappin’s and knocks!  
 But I must keep movin’ and pladdin’ along  
 With my orthod-ox team, or the world will go wrong!”

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

“Take the road that I came, and beware of short cuts!  
 You will not lose the way if you follow the ruts.  
 I am sorry to force you, my friend, to turn out;  
 But this is the regular lumberman’s route!  
 On the road of life, stranger, my right is supreme;  
 All the world must turn out for my Orthod-ox team!”

Said the lumberman of Calaveras.

FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

## CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

THERE are but three individuals upon whom mankind, with some approach to general consent, have bestowed the epithet of "the Great." Shall we compare our Washington for a moment with each of them? Shall we compare him with Peter the Great of Russia, who flourished in the beginning of the century, and hewed that political colossus of the North into form and symmetry? A sovereign of vast, though often most ill-directed energy; a fearless, and, on some occasions, a beneficent reformer; a consummate organizer, who with a kind of rough tact, truly felt the pulses of national life in the Titanic frame which he called into being; pursuing a few grand ideas, though often by eccentric methods bordering on madness, but with a resolution which no labors could weary and no dangers appall, and forcing them with an iron will upon an unsympathizing and apathetic people. These are his titles to the epithet of "Great"; but with them all he was an unmitigated tyrant, —the murderer, perhaps the torturer, of his own son; a man who united the wisdom of a philosopher and the policy of a great prince with the tastes of a satyr, the manners of a barbarian, and the passions of a fiend; guilty of crimes so hideous and revolting, that if I attempted to describe them, I should drive you shrieking from this hall. You surely would not permit me to place the name of Washington in comparison with his.

Or shall we compare him with Frederick the Second of Prussia, to whom complacent public opinion has also accorded the epithet of "Great." He was no doubt a military and a civil genius of the first order; by the energy of his character he built up a kingdom scarcely known by that title when he came to the throne, into a first-rate power; the fearless soldier, the profound strategist, the heroic chief; nor less a master of political combination, a zealous promoter of the material prosperity of his subjects, who doubled the population of his little kingdom, and increased all the resources in more than the same proportion, notwithstanding the wars in which he was continually involved; but at the same time a pedant, os-

tententious, of superficial literary attainments, a wretched poetaster, a dupe of the insipid adulation of godless foreign wits, who flattered him to his face and ridiculed him behind his back; a German sovereign who yet preferred to write and speak poor broken French, in which Voltaire said there was not a sentence which you would not know to be the language of a foreigner; a prince raised by Providence in the bitter school of adversity to an absolute throne, entertaining the most exalted ideas of the Kingly prerogative, drawing everything, even the administration of justice, into an arbitrary centralization, who had yet trained his undevout heart to believe that blind chance or blind destiny occupies the throne of the universe; that the heavens and the earth could do without a God, though the paltry electorate of Brandenburgh could not do without a king; and that while it was impossible for him to hold the scattered provinces of his little realm together without a daily outgoing of civil, military, and judicial power, moved by one intellect and one will, could yet believe that the systems and systems which compose the universe, beyond the power of human speech to enumerate, or human thought to conceive, are thrown out into one vast anarchy, wheeling and hurtling through the regions of space without a lawgiver and without a head.

Or shall we compare Washington with the third greatness of his age, the illustrious captain of the last generation in France; that portentous blazing star which began to flame in the eastern sky as our benignant luminary was sinking in the west, amidst the golden clouds of a nation's blessings? I have no wish to trample on the memory of Napoleon the First, whom I regard by no means as the most ambitious of conquerors, the most arbitrary of despots, or the worst of men. The virtues and the feelings, like the talents, the opportunities, and the fortunes of this extraordinary man, are on too colossal a scale to be measured by ordinary standards of morality. The prevalent opinions in this country of his character and career have come to us through a British medium, discolored by a national prejudice and the deadly struggle of a generation; or by natural reaction have been

founded on the panegyrics of grateful adherents and admiring subjects, who deem every Frenchman a partner in the glory of their chief. Posterity and impartial history will subdue the lights and relieve the shadows of the picture. They will accord to him a high, perhaps the highest, rank among the great masters of war, placing his name upon an equality with the three great captains of antiquity, if not above them; will point to his code as a noble monument of legislative wisdom; will dwell upon the creative vigor with which he brought order out of the chaos of the Revolution, retrieving the dilapidated finances and restoring the prostrate industry of France; will enumerate the harbors, the canals, the bridges, the public buildings, the Alpine roads, the libraries, the museums, and all the thousand works of industrious peace and productive art; will not withhold their admiration for the giant grasp of his genius and the imperial grandeur of his fortunes, nor deny a tribute of human sympathy to his calamitous decline and fall. But the same impartial history will record more than one ineffaceable stain upon his character, and never, to the end of time, never on the page of historian, poet or philosopher; never till a taste for true moral greatness is eaten out of the hearts of men by a mean admiration of success and power; never in the exhortations of the prudent magistrate counseling his fellow-citizens for their good; never in the dark ages of national fortune, when anxious patriots explore the annals of the past for examples of public virtue; never in the admonition of the parent forming the minds of his children by lessons of fireside wisdom; never, O never, will the name of Napoleon, nor any of the other of the famous conquerors of ancient and modern days, be placed upon a level with Washington's.

EDWARD EVERETT.

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#### LAUGHING ENCORE.

(Imagine you have just seen something too funny to tell.)

Ha! ha! ha! he! he! ho! ho! haw! haw! haw!  
(*Speaker still laughing*) Well, sir, you just ought to have  
seen him,—he-e-e, he! he! he!—well he-e-e-ha! ha! ha!  
ho! ho! ho! (Laughing heartily, bending over, hands on sides.)

## THE GRAND ARMY BADGE.

Hold on! Hold on! My Goodness, you take my breath,  
my son,

A-firin' questions at me, like shots from a Gatlin' Gun—  
Why do I wear this eagle an' flag an' brazen star,  
An' why do my old eyes glisten when somebody men-  
tions war?

An' why do I call men "comrade," and why do my eyes  
grow bright,

When you hear me tell your grandma I'm going to post  
to-night?

Come here, you inquisitive rascal, and set on your grand-  
pa's knee,

An' I'll try an' answer the broadside you've been a-firin'  
at me.

Away back in the sixties, an' long afore you were born,  
The news came a-flashin' to us, one bright an' sunny  
morn,

That some of our Southern brothers, a-thinkin', no doubt,  
'twar right,

Had trailed their guns on our banner, an' opened a nasty  
fight.

The great big guns war a booming, an' the shot flyin'  
thick an' fast,

An' troops all over the southland war rapidly bein'  
massed,

An' a thrill went through the nation, a fear that our glo-  
rious land

Might be split an' divided an' ruined by a mistaken  
brother's hand.

Lord! but wa'n't there excitement an' didn't the boys'  
eyes flash?

An' didn't we curse our brothers fur bein' so foolish an'  
rash?

An' didn't we raise the neighbors with loud an' con-  
tinued cheers,

When Abe sent out a dockyment a-callin' fur volunteers?

An' didn't we flock to the colors when the drums began  
to beat?  
An' didn't we march with a proud step along this village  
street?  
An' didn't the people cheer us when we got aboard the  
cars,  
With the flag a-wavin' o'er us, and went away to the wars?

I'll never forgit your grandma as she stood outside o' the  
train,  
Her face was as white as the snowdrift. her tears a-fallin'  
like rain—  
She stood there quiet an' deathlike, 'mid all the rush an'  
noise,  
For the war war a-takin' from her her husband an' three  
brave boys—  
Bill, Charley, and little Tommy—just turned eighteen,  
but as true  
An' gallant a little soldier as ever wore the blue.  
It seemed almost like murder, too, for to tear her poor  
heart so,  
But your grandpa couldn't stay, baby, and the boys war  
determined to go.

The evening afore we started she called the boys to her  
side,  
An' told 'em as how they war always their mother's joy  
an' pride,  
An' though her soul was in torture, an' her poor heart  
bleedin' and sore,  
An' though she needed her darlings, their country needed  
'em more.  
She told 'em to do their duty wherever their feet might  
roam,  
An' to never forgit in battle their mother war praying at  
home.  
An' if (an' the tears nigh choked her) they should fall in  
front o' the foe,  
She'd go to her Blessed Saviour an' ax Him to lighten the  
blow.

Bill lays an' awaits the summons 'neath Spottsylvania sod,  
An' on the field of Antietam Charlie's spirit went back to  
    God;  
An' Tommy, our baby Tommy, we buried one starlight  
    night  
Along with his fallen comrades, just after the Wilderness  
    fight.  
The lightning struck our family tree, an' stripped it of  
    every limb,  
A-leavin' only this bare old trunk, a-standin' alone an'  
    grim.  
My boy, that's why your grandma, when you kneel to  
    the God you love,  
Makes you ax Him to watch your uncles, an' make 'em  
    happy above.

That's why you sometimes see her with tear-drops in her  
    eyes;  
That's why you sometimes catch her a-tryin' to hide her  
    sighs;  
That's why at our great reunions, she looks so solemn  
    and sad;  
That's why her heart seems a-breakin' when the boys are  
    so jolly and glad;  
That's why you sometimes find her in the bedroom over-  
    head,  
Down on her knees a-prayin', with their pictures laid out  
    on the bed,  
That's why the old-time brightness will light up her face  
    no more,  
Till she meets her hero warriors in the camp on the other  
    shore.

An' when the great war was over, back came the veterans  
    true,  
With not one star a-missin' from the azure field of blue;  
An' the boys who on the field o' battle had stood the fiery  
    test,  
Formed posts of the great Grand Army in the North,  
    South, East an' West.

Fraternity, Charity, Loyalty, is the motto 'neath which  
they train—  
Their object to care for the helpless, an' banish sorrow  
an' pain  
From the homes o' the widows an' orphans o' the boys  
who have gone before,  
To answer their names at roll-call in that great Grand  
Army Corps.

An' that's why we wear these badges, the eagle an' flag  
an' star,  
Worn only by veteran heroes who fought in that bloody  
war;  
An' that's why my old eyes glisten while talkin' about  
the fray,  
An' that's why I call men "comrade" when I meet 'em  
every day;  
An' that's why I tell your grandma, "I'm going to post  
to-night,"  
For there's where I meet the old boys who stood with me  
in the fight,  
And, my child, that's why I've taught you to love and  
revere these men  
Who come here a-wearin' badges to fight those battles  
again.

They are the gallant heroes who stood 'mid the shot  
and the shell,  
An' follered the flyin' colors right into the mouth o' hell—  
They are the men whose valor saved the land from dis-  
grace and shame,  
An' lifted her back in triumph to her perch on the dome  
of fame;  
An' as long as you live, my darling, till your pale lips in  
death are mute,  
When you see that badge on a bosom, take off your hat  
an' salute;  
An' if any ol' vet should halt you an' question why you do,  
Just tell him you've got a right to, fur your grandad's a  
comrade, too.

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD, THE POET SCOUT.

## BILL MASON'S BRIDE.

( As altered and recited by Mr. Scorer. )

Its a most train time, sir, its a most train time, an' a fearful dark time, too. S-a-y, just take a look at the switch lights, Tom, an' bring in a stick when you're through. "Eh, on time?" W-e-l-l, y-e-s, I guess so—left the last station all right. She'll come round the curve a flyin', Bill Mason comes up to-night.

Say, d'you know Bill? Whew! Don't know Bill Mason! Why he's an engineer, been on the road all his life. I'll never forget the mornin' he married his chunk of a wife. 'Twas the summer the mill hands struck, just off work, every one. They kicked up a row in the village an' killed old—Donovan's son.

Bill hadn't been married mor'n an hour, when down comes a message from Kress, orderin' Bill to go up thar, an' bring down the night express. He left his gal in a hurry an' went up on number one, thinking of nothing but Amy, an' the train he had to run.

An' Amy sat down by the window to wait for the night express; an', sir, if she hadn't a done so, she'd a been a widow, I guess. It must a' been nigh midnight when the mill hands left the bridge, They came down—the drunken devils! an' tore up a rail from the bridge.

But Amy, God bless 'er, heard 'em a workin' an' guessed thar was something wrong, an' in less than fifteen minutes, Bill's train would be along. Well she couldn't come down here to tell us, mor'n a mile—it wouldn't a done, sir—it wouldn't a done; so she just grabbed up a lantern, an' struck out fer the bridge alone. An' down came the night express, sir, an' Bill was makin' 'er climb! but Amy held the lantern, a swingin' it all the time.

Well! By Jove, sir! Bill saw the signal, an' he stopped the night express, an' he found his Amy cryin', cryin' on the track in her weddin' dress; cryin' an' laughin' for joy, sir, an' holdin' on to the light—hello! here's the train—well, good bye, sir, good bye, Bill Mason's on time tonight.

BRET HARTE.

## EVER SO FAR AWAY.—VON BOYLE.

*By Special Permission of the Author.*

There are two very funny fellows in this city: one is Mr. Pointer, the insurance man; the other is Mr. Dingelbender, the butcher man.

As Mr. Dingelbender sat at supper the other evening, the door-bell rang, and Mr. Pointer came rushing into the dining-room.

"Dinglebender, I'm in a scrape, and I want you to help me out."

"You got shrapes, eh! Vell you shraped yourselluf in—now you can shrape yourselluf ould again."

"Friend Dingelbender, I'm not joking now; I'm in dead earnest."

"Is dot so! When vill dhey burry you? Look here vonet, Mr. Pointer. You vas such a awful choker dat if you vas really deadt in earnest, all your friendts vould tink somehow it a good choke. But if you vas really in some tifficulties, und I can shrape you ould, I vill pe fery habby to shrape you already!"

"Thanks. Well this is how the matter stands. I engaged a magician, you know, to give our Sunday-school an entertainment, this evening, and the gentleman met with an accident while practicing some trick. Now I want you to come right around and take his place."

"No, sir. You tink I vill make a laughing-shtocking ould of mineselluf?"

"No, Mr. Dingelbender; I simply want you to address the children."

"Dress dem shildren! Poor leetle tings, und such a coldt night, too! Vy don't you sendt dem back home und make deir barents dress dem?"

"Now, Dingelbender, don't tease me, and I'll promise not to make fun of you any more. Will you address the children for me?"

"Yes, I vill do de pest vot I can."

Mr. Dingelbender was as good as his word. In half an hour he was at the chapel, confronting a large and enthusiastic audience. Rising to the importance of the occasion, he said:

"Mrs. Ladies und shentlemans—und shildrens—esbecially de shildrens:

"I tink on such occasions like dhis ve should recomember dot men und vomens vas only 'schildren of de larger growdt', und dot poys und girls vas men und women in miniature. Efery man und womans vas vonce a leetle girl—a leetle poy I mean—und de poy of to-day vill be de man of to-morrow,—or de day afder to-morrow. Efery goodt man has shtill someting of de poy apout him, und efery true poy has someting of de man apout him ; und all great mens dhey lofe shildrens. I lofe shildrens mineselluf ; I can't helb it—I vas porn dat vay.

"I recomember when I vas a leetle shild mineselluf, shust as blain as drough it vas to-morrow. I had puttons all ofer me, und copper door-blates on de frondt of mine shoes to keep mine toes inside. Und I had a leetle shsweetheart. Her frondt name vas Susan—Susan Ann Gugenheimer. She used to sing a leetle song like dhis.

[*Sings.*]

Vot care I for goldt und silber,  
 Vot care I for haus und landt?  
 Vot care I for shiffs in de ocean—  
 All vot I vant vas a nice yunk man.

Und I vas her nice yunk man dot time.

"Vell ve poys had also a song. Vot you call dot song now, where you put your handts up dhis vay? [*indicating.*] Oh, I know now, it's [*sings.*] 'London pride vas purning up, purning up, purning up.' Dot's it. Vell, while ve sing dot song dhem leetle girls dhey used to go underbeneath our handts, und ve—vell, ve usedt to kiss 'em. Oh, my! [*smacks lips*] dem vas de shweetest kisses ; I can tasdt dhem yedt."

"Vell, de odher tay I vas sidding by mine open window. Dot school-haus hadt shust ledt himselluf oudt—it vas recess times. I pegan to tink apout shildhoodt tays—dhem olden tays,—dhem golden tays vot vill nefer come pack on me ! I fell in a shleep und saw de shky vas all full mit cloudts, und de cloudts vas full mit shildrens, und de shildrens vas full mit choy, singing und playing dhem happy songs und games of shildhoodt. Suttlenly dhere appeared amongst dhem a eldterly, kindly man dot I recognized at vonce as Fader Goose—I mean Fader Gander. He recited a leetle poem dot amoosed the shildrens, und somehow touched a responsif chord in mine own heart. It vas called "Ever So Far Away" und vas something like dhis :

My name it vas Fader Gander,  
 Und I come vrom ofer yonder  
 Ofer de hills, past Shones's Mills—  
 It vas efer so far avay.

I came vrom a town in Vonderland,  
 It's a peautiful blace you must undershtand,  
 Vhere dhey nefer get late, dhey vas alvays on handt,  
 But it's efer so far avay.

Dhe beoples all de while dhore,  
 Dhey laugh und dhey sing und dhey shmile dhore:  
 Dhore vas nefer a frown in all of dot town,  
 But it's efer so far avay.

Und nopoly dhore vas naughdy und rude ;  
 Und de law of love vas so vell understood  
 Dat dhey shpend all dheir time in de doing of goodt--  
 But it's efer so far avay.

Dhey're careful to be righdt dhore ;  
 Dhey nefer scholdt nor fighdt dhore,  
 Und nopoly's poor—I'm certain und sure  
 Dot it's efer so far avay.

Und nopoly goes to law ofer dhore ;  
 Vhy, dhey haven't a shail, nor a shudge, nor a mayor,  
 For de beoples vas honest, dhey're fair und dhey're  
 shquare—  
 But it's efer so far avay.

De nights vas bright as tay dhore,  
 Und dhey haf all kinds of blay dhore ;  
 Und in a palloon dhey visit de moon--  
 Oh, dot's efer so far avay.

You took vot you vant, for noting vas soldt,  
 Vhy, dot landt vas all full mit silber und goldt !  
 Und dhey alvays grow yunk--dhey nefer grow oldt ;  
 But it's efer so far avay.

De mosquitos nefer pite you ;  
 I'm sure dhey vouldt telight you,  
 By singing dheir song de whole night long,  
 Pu-z-z-z ! efer so far avay.

What efer you vant you make a vish,  
 Und it's prought to you in a shina tish,

A shlice of pie or a piece of fish—  
But it's efer so far avay.

Now vouldt you like to go dhere,  
Und see dot vonderful show dhere,  
Ofer de hills, past Shones's mills,  
Und efer so far avay?

Dhen don't you pe cross und say naughdy tings,  
Und a shpirit will took you right under his vings,  
To dot landt where de honey-bee solemnly sings,  
Und bumbles und puzzles und yet nefer shtings,  
Und de children all blay mit ponies und shwings,  
Und veair such fine dresses you'd tink dhey vas kings,  
Und efery vone shouts when de tinner-pell rings,

It's efer und efer so far, far, far avay.

“Und shust dhen I voke oudt; und it vas only a tream.  
But somehow I tink our pest treams vill all come true in dot  
‘Shweet pye und pye.’ ”

### THE STORY OF BEN-HUR.

The following synopsis of the Story of Ben-Hur will give reciters a clear understanding of the events preceding the famous Chariot Race, described on pages 364 to 376 of Ben-Hur.

**EXPLANATION.**—BEN-HUR is a young Jew of wealthy and noble parentage—a prince of Jerusalem.

MESSALA is a Roman, proud, arrogant and ambitious.

In childhood these two were close friends but in later years, by reason of Messala's jealous and unfriendly disposition, they became estranged, and finally enemies.

As the Roman Procurator Gratus was passing through Judea with his legions, he was struck upon the head by a piece of tiling, accidentally pushed from the roof of Hur's house by young Ben-Hur. Messala pointed out to the soldiers Ben-Hur, and charged that the missile was thrown with malicious intent. Accordingly Ben-Hur was taken prisoner by the Romans and made a galley-slave. His mother and sister were sent to prison, their property was confiscated, and divided between Gratus and the informer Messala.

After years of servitude Ben-Hur gained his liberty as a reward for his bravery and became the adopted son and heir of the wealthy Roman, Quintus Arrius, whose life he had saved during a sea-fight with pirates. He soon became famous in Rome as an athlete.

Contemporaneously his opponent, Messala, had won fame and influence as a charioteer in the Circus Maximus.

The scene described in the selection is laid at Antioch (in the time of Christ's ministry), at the games in the Circus in honor of the Roman Consul Maxentius.

Ben-Hur, filled with a desire for revenge, acts as charioteer for Ilderim, an Arab Sheik, with the earnest hope of winning the race and humbling the proud Messala in the presence of the multitude.—**EDITOR.**

## ME AND JIM.

WE were both brought up in a country town,  
Was me an' Jim;  
An' the hull world somehow seemed ter frown  
On me an' him.

At school we never was given a chance  
To larn that Africa wasn't in France,  
An' we both wore patches on our pants,  
Did me an' Jim.

But we grew up hearty, an' hale, an' strong,  
Did me an' Jim;  
We knowed ev'ry note in a thrush's song,  
Did me an' him;  
An' we knowed whar the blue-birds built their nests  
When the spring tripped over the mountains' crests,  
Why the robbins all wore scarlet vests,  
Did me an' Jim.

Then we fell in love, jest as most folks do,  
Did me an' Jim.  
We was arter the same gal, though, we two,  
That's me an' him;  
An' she treated us jest alike, did she,  
When at quiltin' party or huskin'-bee;  
We was even up in the race, you see,  
Was me an' Jim.

I popped at last, an she answered me "No;"  
Jim foller'd suit;  
But she wouldn't hev him, an' told him so.  
Forbidden fruit  
We called her then, an' I'm afraid  
That we fumed a little. An' then we prayed  
That she'd live an' she'd die a plain old maid,  
Did me an' Jim.

Then the war broke out, an' Company B  
Caught me an' Jim.  
We both of us fit fer the Union—see?  
Did me an' him.

An' we heerd the screechin' o' shot an' shell,  
 The snarlin' o' guns, an' the rebel yell,  
 An' foller'd the flag through the battle's hell,  
 Did me an' Jim.

'Twas the day that we fit at Seven Oaks  
 Death came to Jim,  
 An' excuse me, please, but I sorter chokes  
 Talkin' o' him.

Fer his rugged brown hand I held in mine  
 Till his soul passed out through the picket-line,  
 Whar an angel waited, the countersign  
 To git from Jim.

Then I fit along till the war was done  
 Without poor Jim;  
 Was given a sword instead of a gun,  
 An' thought o' him.  
 An' I wore an eagle when mustered out  
 On my shoulder-straps, an' I faced about  
 Fer the startin' p'int o' my hull life's route,  
 But not wi' Jim.

I was quite a man in that country place  
 I'd left wi' Jim;  
 She gave me a smile wi' a blusheen' face,  
 An' asked 'bout him.  
 So I told her how, as she sat 'longside,  
 Like a soldier brave he had fought an' died,  
 An' then—well, I kissed her because she cried—  
 Kissed her fer Jim.

Then I married her one bright day in June,  
 Fer me an' Jim.  
 Oft under the light o' the stars an' moon  
 We talked o' him;  
 An' when our boy was wantin' a name,  
 An' we thought our relatives through fer th' same,  
 Then fresh again his memory came,  
 'N we called him Jim.

## JERRY, THE NEWSBOY.

"Buy a paper, plaze! She is frozen a'most,  
 Here's *Commercial*, and *News*, and *Mail*,  
 And here's the *Express*, and the *Evening Post*,  
 And ivery one has a tirrible tale—  
 A shipwreck—a murther—a fire alarm—  
 Whichiver ye loike—have a paper, marm?  
 Thin buy it, plaze, av this bit av a gurrul,  
 She's new in the business, and all av a whirrul;  
 We must lind her a hand," said little Jerry,  
 "There's a plinty av thrade at the Fulton Ferry.

"She's wakely for nade av the tay and the toast—  
 The price av a paper—plaze, sir, buy a *Post*?  
 Thru as me name it is Jeremiah,  
 There's a foine report av a dridful fire,  
 And a child that's lost, and a smash av a train;  
 Indade, sir, the paper's just groanin' wid pain!  
 Spake up, little gurrul, and don't be afraid.  
 I'm schraichin' fo two till I start yez in thrade.  
 While I yell, you can sell," said little Jerry,  
 Screeching for two at Fulton Ferfy.

The night was bleak, the wind was high,  
 And a hurrying crowd went shivering by:  
 And some bought papers, and some bought none,  
 But the boy's shrill voice rang cheerily on:  
 "Buy a *Post*, or a *News*, or a *Mail*, as you choose,  
 For my arm just aches wid weight av the news.  
*Express*? Not a single one left for to-night—  
 But buy one av this little gurrul, sir—all right.  
 She's a a reg'lar seller here at the ferry,  
 And I rickomind her high," said Jerry.

In the whirl of the throng there passed a man,  
 "The bell is ringing, I cannot wait;  
 Here, girl, a *Commercial*, as quick as you can,  
 The boat is starting—don't make me late."  
 And on through the hurrying crowd he ran,

The wee girl followed close behind,  
 After the penny he could not find;  
 While, with a spring through the closing gate,  
     After her money bounded Jerry,  
     Ragged and panting, at Fulton Ferry.

“One cent from the man in the big fur coat!  
 Give me the change, or I’ll stop the boat.”  
 Up from the deck a laugh and a cheer,  
 It changed to a shuddering cry of fear  
 As he bent his head for the fearful spring,  
 And then—like a wild bird on the wing—  
 Over the whirling waters swung,  
 Touching the boat with his hands and clung,  
 Gasping and white, to the rail, and cried:  
 “Where is that mean old man, who tried  
     To steal one cent from a girl at the ferry,—  
     A poor little girl, with no friend but Jerry?”

Over the side went a hundred hands,  
 From a hundred mouths rang forth commands:  
 “Pull him in!” “Stop the boat!” “Take his stock!”  
     “Let us buy  
 All the papers he has!” “Send him home to get dry!”  
 “No, indade,” said the boy—“that’s not w’at I meant;  
 I don’t want yer money; I want that one cent  
 From the man in the warr’m fur coat an’ hat,  
 Who could steal a cent from a poor gurrul like that.  
 Af iver he tries that game agin,  
 He’d better take me, and not Margery Flynn!”  
 Then cheer on cheer for little Jerry  
 Rang across the Fulton Ferry.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

#### HAD BEEN DIPPED.

The Village Pastor—Johnny, you tell me you have  
 been to Sunday School?

The Bad Boy—Yes, sir.

The Village Pastor, (with a suspicious glance at the  
 river)—But, Johnny, your hair is wet.

The Bad Boy—Yes, sir, it’s a Baptist Sunday School.

## AUNTY PARSONS'S MISSION STORY.

(Especially for Missionary Meetings, Churches, and Sunday Schools.)

I told Hezekiah—that's my man. People mostly call him Deacon Parsons, but he never gets any deaconing from me. We were married—"Hezekiah and Amariah"—that's going on forty years ago, and he's jest Hezekiah to me, and nothin' more.

Well, as I was saying, says I: "Hezekiah, we aren't right. I am sure of it." And he said: "Of course not. We are poor sinners, Amy; all poor sinners." And I said: "Hezekiah; this 'poor sinner' talk has gone on long enough. I suppose we are poor sinners, but I don't see any use of being *mean* sinners; and there's one thing I think is real mean."

It was jest after breakfast; and, as he felt poorly, he hedn't gone to the shop yet; and so I had this little talk with him to sort o' chirk him up. He knew what I was was comin' to, for we hed had the subject up before. It was our little church. He always said: "The poor people, and what should we ever do?" And I always said: "We never shall do nothin' unless we try." And so when I brought the matter up in this way, he just began bitin' his toothpick, and said: "What's up now? Who's mean? Amariah, we oughtn't to speak evil of one another." Hezekiah always says "poor sinners," and doesn't seem to mind it, but when I occasionally say "mean sinners" he somehow gits oneeasy. But I was started, and I meant to free my mind.

So I said, says I: "I was goin' to confess our sins. Dan'l confessed for all his people, and I was confessin' for all our little church.

"Truth is," says I, "ours is allus called one of the 'feeble churches,' and I am tired about it. I've raised seven children, and at fourteen months old every boy and girl of 'em could run alone. And our church is fourteen years old," says I, "and it can't take a step yet without somebody to hold on by. The Board helps us and General Jones, good man, he helps us—helps too much, I think—and so we live along, but we don't seem to get strong.

Our people draw their rations every year as the Indians do up at the agency; and it doesn't seem sometimes as if they ever thought of doing anything else."

"They take it so easy," I said. "That's what worries me. I don't suppose we could pay all expenses, but we might act as if we wanted to, and as if we meant to do all we can."

"I read," says I, "last week about the debt of the Board, and this week, as I understand," says I, "our application is going in for another year, and no particular effort to do any better, and it frets me. I can't sleep nights, and I can't take comfort Sundays. I've got to feelin' as if we were a kind of perpetual paupers. And that was what I meant when I said: 'It is real mean!' I suppose I said it a little sharp," says I, "but I'd rather be sharp than flat any day, and if we don't begin to stir ourselves we shall be flat enough before long, and shall deserve to be. It grows on me. It has jest been 'Board, Board, Board,' for fourteen years, and I'm tired of it. I never did like boardin'," says I; "and, even if we were poor, I believe we might do something toward settin' up house-keepin' for ourselves."

"Well, there's not many of us; about a hundred, I believe, and some of these is women folks, and some is jest girls and boys. And we all have to work hard and live close; but," says I, "let us show a disposition if nothin' more. Hezekiah, if there's any spirit left in us, let us show some sort of a disposition."

And Hezekiah had his toothpick in his teeth, and looked down at his boots and rubbed his chin, as he always does when he's goin' to say somethin'. "I think there's some of us that shows a disposition."

Of course I understand that hit, but I kep' still. I kep' right on with my argument, and I said: "Yes, and a pretty bad disposition it is. It's a disposition to let ourselves be helped when we ought to be helping ourselves. It's a disposition to lie still and let somebody carry us. And we are growing up cripes only we don't grow.

"'Kiah," says I, "do you hear me?" Sometimes when I want to talk a little he jest shets his eyes, and begins to rock himself back and forth in the old arm-chair,

and he was doin' that now. So I said: "'Kiah, do you hear?'" And he said: "Some!" and then I went on. "I've got a proposition," says I. And he sort o' looked up, and said: "Hev you? Well, between a disposition and a proposition, I guess the proposition might be better."

He's awful sacerostic, sometimes. But I wasn't goin' to get riled, nor thrown off the track; so I jest said: "Yes; do you and I git two shillin's worth a piece a week out o' that blessed little church of ourn, do you think?" says I. "Cos, if we do, I want to give two shillin's a week to keep it goin', and I thought maybe you could do as much." So he said he guessed we could stand that, and I said: "That's my proposition; and I mean to see if we can't find somebody else that'll do the same. It'll show a disposition, anyway."

"Well, I suppose you'll hev your own way," says he; "you most always do." And I said: "Isn't it most allers a good way?" Then I brought out my Subscription Paper. I had it all ready. I didn't jest know how to shape it, but I knew it was something about "the sums set opposite our names," and so I drawed it up, and took my chances. "You must head it," says I, "because you're the oldest deacon, and I must go on next because I am the deacon's wife, and then I'll see some of the rest of the folks."

So 'Kiah sot down, and put on his specs, an took his pen but did not write. "What's the matter?" says I. And he said: "I'm sort o' shamed to subscribe two shillin's. I never signed so little as that for anything. I used to give more than that to the circus when I was nothin' but a boy, and I ought to do more than that to support the Gospel. Two shillin' a week! Why, its only a shillin' a sermon, and all the prayer-meetin's throwed in. I can't go less than fifty cents, I am sure." So down he went for fifty cents, and then I signed for a quarter, and then my sun-bonnet went onto my head pretty lively, and I started.

I called on the Smith family first. I felt sure of them. And they were just happy, Mr. Smith signed, and so did Mrs. Smith; and long John, he came in while we were

talkin', and put his name down; and then old Grandma Smith, she didn't want to be left out; so there was four of 'em. I've allers found it a great thing in any good enterprise to enlist the Smith family. There's a good many of 'em. Next, I called on the Joslyns, and next, on the Chapins, and then on the Widdie Chadwick, and so I kept on.

I met a little trouble once or twice, but not much. There was Fussy Furber, and bein' trustee he thought I was out of my spear, he said; and he wanted it understood that such work belonged to the trustees. "To be sure," says I, "I'm glad I've found it out. I wish the trustees had discovered that a lettle sooner." Then there was sister Puffy, that's got the asthma. She thought we ought to be lookin' after "the sperritooalities." She said we must get down before the Lord. She didn't think churches could be run on money. But I told her I guessed we should be jest as spiritual to look into our pocketbooks a little, and I said it was shame to be 'tar-nally beggin' so of the Board.

She looked dredful solemn when I said that, and I almost felt as I'd been committin' profane language. But I hope the Lord will forgive me if I took anything in vain. I did not take my call in vain, I tell you. Mrs. Puffy is good, only she allus wanted to talk so pious; and she put down her two shillin's, and then hove a sigh. Then I found the boys at the cooper shop, and got seven names there at one lick; and when the list began to grow people seemed ashamed to say no, and I kept gainin' till I had jest an even hundred, and then I went home.

Well, it was pretty well towards candle light when I got back, and I was that tired, I didn't know much of anything. I've washed, and I've scrubbed, and I've baked, and I've cleaned house, and I've biled soap, and I've moved; and I 'low that a'most any one of that sort of thing is a little exhaustin'. But put your bakin' and movin' and bilin' soap all together, and it won't work out as much genuine tired soul and body as one day with a subscription paper to support the Gospel. So when I sort o' dropped into a chair, and Hezekiah said, "Well?" I was past speakin' and I put my check apron up to my

face as I hadn't done since I was a young, foolish girl, and cried. I don't know what I felt so bad about, I don't know as I did feel bad. But I felt cry, and I cried. And 'Kiah, seein' how it was, felt kind o' sorry for me, and set some tea a steepin', and when I had my drink with weepin', I felt better.

I handed him the subscription paper, and he looked it over as if he didn't expect anything; but soon he began saying, "I never! I never!" And I said, "Of course you didn't; you never tried. How much is it?" "Why, don't you know?" says he. "No," I said, "I ain't quick in figures, and I hadn't time to foot it up. I hope it will make us out this year three hundred dollars or so."

"Amy," says he, "you're a prodigy—a prodigal, I may say—and you don't know it. A hundred names at two shillin' each gives us \$25 a Sunday. Some of 'em may fail, but most of 'em is good; and there is ten, eleven, thirteen, that sign fifty cents. That'll make up what fails. That paper of yours'll give us thirteen hundred dollars a year!" I jumped up like I was shot. "Yes," he says, "we shan't need anything this year from the Board. *This church*, for this year at any rate, is self-supporting."

We both sot down and kep' still a minute, when I said kind o' softly: "Hezekiah," says I, "isn't it about time for prayers; I was just chokin', but as he took down the Bible he said: "I guess we'd had better sing somethin'." I nodded like, and he just struck in. We often sing at prayers in the morning: but now it seemed like the Scripter that says: "He giveth songs in the night." 'Kiah generally likes the solemn tunes, too; and we sing "Show pity Lord," a great deal; and this mornin' we had sung "Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound," 'cause 'Kiah was not feelin' very well, and we wanted to chirk up a little.

So I just waited to see what meter he'd strike tonight; and would you believe it? I didn't know that he knew any sech tune. But off he started on "Joy to the world, the Lord is come." I tried to catch on, but he went off, lickerty-switch like a steam-engine, and I couldn't keep up. I was partly laughin' to see 'Kiah go-

it, and partly crying again, my heart was so full; so I doubled up some of the notes and jumped over the others, and so we safely reached the end.

But I tell you, Hezekiah prayed. He allers prays well, but this was a bran' new prayer, exactly suited to the occasion. And when Sunday come, and the minister got up and told what had been done, and said: "It is all the work of one good woman, and done in one day," I just got scared and wanted to run. And when some of the folks shook hands with me, after meetin', and said, with tears in their eyes, how I'd saved the church, and all that, I came awful nigh gettin' proud. But, as Hezekiah says, "we're all poor sinners," and so I choked it back. But, I am glad I did it; and I don't believe our church will ever go boarding any more.

PRESBYTERIAN JOURNAL.

### MAMMY'S LI'L' BOY.

This recitation, is greatly improved by singing or rather crooning the stanza beginning "Byo baby boy," as one would sing it when trying to hush a child to sleep, suiting action to the words.—EDITOR.

Who all time dodgin' en de cott'n en de corn ?  
 Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy !  
 Who all time stealin' ole massa's dinner-horn ?  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,  
 By-o li'l' boy !  
 Oh, run ter es mammy  
 En she tek 'im in 'er arms,  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time runnin' ole gobble roun' de yard ?  
 Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy !  
 Who tek 'e stick 'n hit ole possum dog so hard ?  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,  
 By-o li'l' boy !  
 Oh, run ter es mammy  
 En climb up en 'er lap,  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time stumpin' es toe ergin er rock ?  
 Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy !  
 Who all de time er-rippin' big hole en es frock ?  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,  
 By-o li'l' boy !  
 Oh, run ter es mammy  
 En she wipe es li'l' eyes,  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time er-losin' de shovel en de rake ?  
 Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy !  
 Who all de time tryin' ter ride 'e lazy drake ?  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,  
 By-o li'l' boy !  
 Oh, scoot fer yer mammy  
 En she hide yer f'om yer ma,  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all de time er-trottin' ter de kitchen fer er bite ?  
 Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy !  
 Who mess 'esef wi' taters twell his clothes dey look er  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy. [sight?

Byo baby boy, oh bye,  
 By-o li'l' boy !  
 En 'e run ter es mammy  
 Fer ter git 'im out er trouble,  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Who all time er-frettin' en de middle er de day ?  
 Mammy's li'l' boy, mammy's li'l' boy !

Who all time er-gettin' so sleepy 'e can't play?  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.

Byo baby boy, oh bye,  
 By-o li'l' boy !  
 En 'e come ter es mammy  
 Ter rock 'im en 'er arms,  
 Mammy's li'l' baby boy.  
 Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo,  
 Shoo, shoo, shoo !

Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo,  
 Shoo, li'l' baby, shoo !  
 Shoo, shoo, shoo-shoo-shoo,  
 Shoo, shoo, shoo,  
 Shoo, . . . .

Deir now, lay right down on mammy's bed en go  
 'long back ter sleep,—shoo-shoo! . . . . (End here.  
 Reserve following for encore.)

Look hyah, nigger, go way f'om dat do' ! You wake  
 dis chile up wid dat Jew's-harp, en I'll wear yer out ter  
 frazzles!—Sh-h-h-h—.

H. S. EDWARDS: DELSARTE RECITATION BOOK.

### DON'T CRY!

THERE! little girl; don't cry!  
 They have broken your doll I know;  
 And your tea-set blue  
 And your play-house, too,  
 Are things of the long ago;  
 But childish troubles will soon pass by—  
 There! little girl; don't cry !

There! little girl; don't cry!  
 They have broken your slate, I know;  
 And the glad wild ways  
 Of your school-girl days

Are things of the long ago;  
 But life and love will soon come by—  
 There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!  
 They have broken your heart, I know;  
 And the rainbow gleams  
 Of your youthful dreams  
 Are things of the long ago;  
 But heaven holds all for which you sigh—  
 There! little girl; don't cry.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

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### THE BOBOLINK.

ONCE, on a golden afternoon,  
 With radiant faces and hearts in tune,  
 Two fond lovers in dreaming mood,  
 Threaded a rural solitude.  
 Wholly happy, they only knew  
 That the earth was bright and the sky was blue,  
 That light and beauty and joy and song  
 Charmed the way as they passed along;  
 The air was fragrant with woodland scents;  
 The squirrel frisked on the roadside fence;  
 And hovering near them, "Chee, chee, chink?"  
 Queried the curious bobolink;  
 Pausing and peering with sidelong head,  
 As saucily questioning all they said;  
 While the ox-eye danced on its slender stem,  
 And all glad nature rejoiced with them.

Over the odorous fields were strown  
 Wilting winrows of grass new mown.  
 And rosy billows of clover bloom  
 Surged in the sunshine and breathed perfume.  
 Swinging low on a slender limb,  
 The sparrow warbled his wedding hymn,  
 And balancing on a blackberry briar,  
 The bobolink sung with his heart on fire—

“Chink! If you wish to kiss her, do!  
 Do it! Do it! You coward, you!  
 Kiss her! kiss her! Who will see?  
 Only we three! we three! we three!  
 Ch-wee! ch-wee! ch-wee!”

Past tender garlands of drooping vines,  
 Through dim vistas of sweet-breathed pines,  
 Past wide meadow fields, lately mowed,  
 Wandered the indolent country road.

The lovers followed it, listening still,  
 And loitering slowly, as lovers will,  
 And entered a gray-roofed bridge that lay  
 Dusk and cool in their pleasant way.  
 Fluttering lightly from brink to brink,  
 Followed the garrulous bobolink,  
 Rallying loudly with mirthful din,  
 The pair who lingered unseen within.

“Bob-ol-link! Bob-ol-link! Splink, Splank, Splink!  
 Kiss her! kiss her! chee! chee! chee!  
 I’ll not mention it! don’t mind me!  
 Do it! do it! ch-wee, ch-wee, ch-wee!”

And when from the friendly bridge at last  
 Into the road beyond they passed,  
 Again beside them the tempter went,  
 Keeping the thread of his argument—  
 Kiss her! kiss her! chink-a-chee-chee?  
 I’ll not mention it! Don’t mind me!”

But ah! they noted—nor deemed it strange—  
 In his rollicking chorus a trifling change—  
 “Do it! do it?”—with might and main  
 Warbled the tell tale—“Do it again!”

THE ALDINE.

## IN THE ORCHARD.

Sentimental Youth.—How the trees are moaning and sighing to-day.

Practical Maiden.—Well, I guess you would moan and sigh if you were as full of green apples as they are.

## THE THREE STUTTERERS.

Three gentlemen, each of whom was a confirmed stutterer, went into a restaurant for oysters. It was agreed that each one was to give the order and the one who stuttered most on the word three was to pay the bill.

First Stutterer.—“S-a-y waiter, l-l-let us h-h-ve th-th-ree stews.

Second Stutterer.—“W-w-aiter g-g-i-v-e us th-th-th-stews.”

Third Stutterer (whistling stutterer).—“M-m-r. W-waiter, g-g-give us—. W-w-waiter g-g-give us—Oh h-h-hang it, t-t-two s-s-stews and another one.

## KILL A FIDDLER.

A prima donna was on the stage singing; at one part she had to take a long breath and sustain a note. She held it for a long time, and three Irishmen in the gallery looked at each other, and one said, “Whist, moind that, will ye?” Another one said, “Oh, that’s nothing. That’s not the woman at all, it’s the gas.”

A short time after a man created a disturbance in the lower part of the theatre and one Irishman yelled, “Put him out,” another one said, “Jump on him,” the other one said, “Say Pat, don’t waste him; kill a fiddler wid him!”

## OPPORTUNITIES.

“I was told in my youth to seize opportunities. I once tried to seize one. He was rich. He wore diamonds. As I siezed him he knocked me down, since then I have learned, that he who seizes opportunities, sometimes sees the penitentiary.”

However, I will seize this opportunity to practice the advice of the man who had been condemned to be hanged. When asked by the judge if he had anything to say, replied, “See here judge, this is carying the joke too far; you’d better drop the subject.”

## WATER.

Look at that, ye thirsty ones of Earth! Behold it! See its purity! See how it glitters, as if a mass of liquid gems! It is a beverage that was brewed by the hand of the Almighty himself. Not in the simmering still over smoking fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded by the stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions, doth our Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water, but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders and the child loves to play. There God brews it, and down, down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high upon the tall mountain-tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-clouds brood and the thunder storms crash; and away far out on the wide sea, where the hurricanes howl music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God, there He brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water!

And everywhere it is a thing of beauty—gleaming in the dew-drop, singing in the summer rain, shining in the ice-gem, till the trees all seem turned into living jewels—spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon—sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glaciers, dancing in the hail-showers—folding its bright curtain softly about the wintry world, and weaving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of rarefaction—still always it is beautiful, that blessed life-water! No poison bubbles on the brink! Its foam brings no sadness or murder; no blood-stains in its limpid glass; broken-hearted wives, pale widows, and starving orphans shed no tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses in words of despair.

The Almighty and the Alwise Creator gave us but one drink, and that He furnished bountifully. He prepared it in the heavens, amid the mutterings of the thunder and the flashing of the lightning; He sent it coursing down the hillside, and along the majestic river: distilled it in the morning dew, and treasured it in the mighty deep.

Beautiful, pure, blessed and glorious! give me forever the sparkling, pure cold water.

JUDGE ARRINGTON.

## ENGINEERS MAKING LOVE.

It's noon when Thirty-five is due,  
 An' she comes on time like a flash of light,  
 An' you hear her whistle "Too-tee too!"  
 Long 'fore the pilot swings in sight.  
 Bill Madden's drivin' her in to-day,  
 An' he's calling his sweet-heart far away—  
 Gertrude Hurd lives down by the mill;  
 You might see her blushin'; she knows it's bill.  
 "Tudie, tudie! Toot-ee! Tudie, tudie! Tu!"

Six-five, A. M. there's a local comes,  
 Makes up at Bristol, runnin' east;  
 An' the way her whistle sings and hums  
 Is a livin' caution to man and beast.  
 Every one knows who Jack White calls,—  
 Little Lou Woodbury, down by the falls;  
 Summer or Winter, always the same,  
 She hears her lover callin' her name—  
 "Lou-ie! Lou-ie! Lou-iee!"

But at one fifty-one, old Sixty-four—  
 Boston express, runs east, clear through—  
 Drowns her rattle and rumble and roar  
 With the softest whistle that ever blew.  
 An' away on the furthest edge of town  
 Sweet Sue Winthrop's eyes of brown  
 Shine like the starlight, bright and clear,  
 When she hears the whistle of Abel Gear,  
 "You-oo! S-u-u-u-u-e!"

Along at midnight a freight comes in,  
 Leaves Berlin sometime—I don't know when;  
 But it rumbles along with a fearful din  
 Till it reaches the Y-switch there and then  
 The clearest notes of the softest bell  
 That out of a brazen goblet fell  
 Wake Nellie Minton out of her dreams;  
 To her like a wedding-bell it seems—  
 "Nell, Nell, Nell! Nell, Nell, Nell!"

Tom Willson rides on the right hand side,  
 Givin' her steam at every stride;

An' he touches the whistle, low an' clear,  
 For Lulu Gray on the hill, to hear—  
 "Lu-Lu! Loo-Loo! Loo-oo!"  
 So it goes all day an' all night  
 'Till the old folks have voted the thing a bore;  
 Old maids and bachelors say it ain't right  
 For folks to do courtin' with such a roar.  
 But the engineers their kisses will blow  
 From a whistle valve to the girls they know,  
 An' stokers the name of their sweethearts tell;  
 With the "Too-too-too" and the swinging bell.

R. J. BURDETTE.

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#### SONG OF THE WINTER WINDS.

Oh, what is the song that the winter winds sing,  
 As earth they are robing with snows that they bring  
 From the crystalline realms of the stern ice-king?  
 "Oh, pity the poor! oh, pity the poor!"  
 Adown the dark street they are rushing along,  
 And into the ears of the hurrying throng,  
 They determinate shout the words of their song,  
 "Oh, pity the poor! oh, pity the poor!"  
 They rattle the shutters of the rich millionaire,  
 To knock for the mendicant, shivering there,  
 And are whispering through, on the cold, cold air,  
 "Oh, pity the poor! oh, pity the poor!"  
 They part the white curtains, and hover beside  
 The pillow of one in her maidenhood's pride,  
 And breath to her gently, "The Lord will provide."  
 Oh, pity the poor! oh, pity the poor!"  
 Have ye not heard it, this song born of love,  
 Sung by His messengers sent from above  
 To tell us our duty, our stewardship prove?  
 "Then, pity the poor! Then, pity the poor!"  
 "The poor ye have always," let love then prevail,  
 Lend to the weak, the distressed, and the frail,  
 Whom society has shut without her white pale,  
 Because they are poor, because they are poor.  
 Is this the glad song that the winter winds sing  
 As back they are soaring with unwearied wing,  
 To the crystalline realms of the stern ice-king?  
 "Earth pities her poor, earth pities her poor!"

WILLIAM M. CLARK.

## SO WAS I.—JOSEPH BERT SMILEY.\*

*By permission of the Author.*

My name is Tommy, an' I hates  
 That feller of my sister Kate's.  
 He's bigger'n I am an' you see  
 He's sorter lookin' down on me,  
 An' I resents it with a vim;  
 I think I'm just as good as him.  
 He's older, an' he's mighty fly  
 But he's a kid, an' so am I.

One time he came,—down by the gate,  
 I guess it must been awful late,—  
 An' Katie, she was there, an' they  
 Was feelin' very nice and gay,  
 An' he was talkin' all the while,  
 About her sweet an' lovin' smile,  
 An' everythin' was nice as pie,  
 An' they was there, an' so was I.

They didn't see me, 'cause I slid  
 Down underneath a bush, an' hid,  
 An' he was sayin' that his love  
 Was greater'n all the stars above  
 Up in the glorious heavens placed;  
 An' then his arm got round her waist,  
 An' clouds were floatin' in the sky,  
 An' they was there, an' so was I.

I didn't hear just all they said,  
 But by an' by my sister's head  
 Was droopin' on his shoulder, an'  
 I seen him holdin' Katie's hand,  
 An' then he hugged her closer, some,  
 An' then I heered a kiss—*yum yum!*  
 An' Katie blushed an' drew a sigh,  
 An' sorter coughed,—an' so did I.

An' then that feller looked around  
 An' seed me there, down on the ground,

---

\*Author of "Presto Chango," "A Chinese Version of 'Maud Muller,'" &c., in No. 30 of Garrett's well-known Series of 100 Choice Selections.

Eh—*was* he mad?—well, betcher boots  
 I gets right outer there an' *scoots*.  
 An' he just left my sister Kate  
 A-standin' right there by the gate;  
 An' I seen blood was in his eye,  
 An' he runned fast—an' so did I.

I runned the very best I could  
 But he cotched up,—I's 'fraid he would,  
 An' then he said he'd teach me how  
 To know my manners, he'd allow;  
 An' then he shaked me *awful*. Gee!  
 He just frashed up the ground with me.  
 An' then he stopped it by and by,  
 'Cause he was tired—an' so was I.

An' then he went back to the gate  
 An' couldn't find my sister Kate  
 'Cause she went in to bed, while he  
 Was runnin' round an' thumpin' me.  
 I got round in a shadder dim,  
 An' made a face, an' guffed at him;  
 An' then the moon larfed, in the sky,  
 'Cause he was there, an' so was I.

### WHAR THE HAND O' GOD IS SEEN.

Do I like the city? Stranger, 'tisn't likely that I would;  
 'Tisn't likely that a ranger from the border ever could  
 Git accustomed to the flurry an' the loud, unearthly noise—  
 Everybody in a hurry, men and wimmin, gals an' boys,  
 All a-rushin' like the nation 'mid the rumble and the jar,  
 Jes' as if their soul's salvation hung upon their gittin' thar.

Like it? No. I love to wander  
 'Mid the vales and mountains green,  
 In the border land out yonder  
 Whar the hand o' God is seen.

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

## WHAT THE BOBOLINKS SAID.

One afternoon young Philip Brown  
Was reeling homeward from the town;  
His brain confused by the flowing bowl,  
That fell destroyer of body and soul.  
The path where he was wont to go  
Lay where the rush and iris grow.  
The merry brook went babbling by,  
The painted moth and dragon fly  
Poised lightly o'er its dimpling face,  
Or darted on with agile grace.  
A blackbird chattered in the sun,  
The bobolinks rose one by one  
From out the swaying summer grass,  
And seemed to mock him as he passed.  
“Bobolink! bobolink! Why, we should think  
A man would be ashamed to drink!  
Birds wouldn’t do it! Chink-a-chee, chee;  
Not we! Not we! we! we! we! we!”

Poor Phil, ashamed, hung down his head;  
But soon forgot what the birds had said,  
And began to dream in a maudlin way  
Of all the money he meant to pay  
From his empty pockets, some fine day.  
He thought he’d invest in a flouring mill,  
And buy that handsome house on the hill,  
While his cellars should overflow—“Chee! chink!”  
Up rose another gay bobolink—  
“You’re fooled! You’re fooled! You stupid, you.  
That’s not what liquor brings one to!  
’Twill make you poor as poverty!  
You’ll see! You’ll see! See! see! see! see!”

Then Philip muttered, “A pretty pass!  
When the birds nag a fellow for taking a glass!”  
But the thought soon passed from his misty brain,  
And he built another “castle in Spain.”  
He giggled and chuckled on thoughts intent  
Of the day when he should be president.  
He’d rule the roost with a rigid hand,  
He’d send his minions all over the land,

He'd banish the opium-smoking Chinee,  
 But tobacco and whiskey should both be free,  
 And that jolly old rumseller over the way  
 Shouldn't have a penny of license to pay.  
 But a bobolink swayed on a willow limb,  
 And pertly and saucily answered him.  
 "Bobolink! Bobolink! You seem to think  
 A fool grows wise and great through drink!  
 'Twill bring you but disgrace, you'll see!  
 Twit! Twit! Trust me! Me! me! me! me!"

Then Philip bewildered and stammering said:  
 "Th-that bird must have a remarkable head."  
 But the spasm of sense was quickly gone  
 And the maudlin dreamer went maundering on:  
 "As soon as Queen Victoria's dead  
 My little Molly'll rule in her stead;  
 And as for Willie, don't you be fooled,  
 He's one of the heirs of the late Jay Gould.  
 They'll see that their pa has money to spend!  
 And I'll buy their mother—such gowns—no end!"  
 But a bobolink sprang from its resting-place,  
 Flaunting reproof in his very face.  
 "Bobolink! Bobolink! Chee-chee chink!  
 The wives and children of them that drink  
 Down to the lowest level sink.  
 Would you have them looked up to, listen to me;  
 Let drink now be! be! be! be!"

Then Philip muttered, "Why, what's to pay?  
 The birds have turned temperance cranks to-day,  
 And the worst of it is I'm not so tight  
 But I know very well they are in the right.  
 Then tell me now, if it's not too late,  
 What must I do to be wealthy and great?"  
 Then every bird from its rounded throat,  
 Poured forth a rollicking, joyous note:  
 "Bobolink! Bobolink! Chee-chee chink!  
 Oh, sign the pledge to leave strong drink!  
 Sign it! Sign it! As quick as a wink!  
 Do it! Do it! Quick as can be!  
 And keep it! Teetotalee! lee! lee!"

BELLE L. BARNES.

## DAFFODILS.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
 When all at once I saw a crowd,—  
 A host of golden daffodils  
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
 And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
 They stretched in never-ending line  
 Along the margin of a bay:  
 Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,  
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;  
 A poet could not but be gay  
 In such a jocund company;  
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
 What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,  
 In vacant or in pensive mood,  
 They flash upon that inward eye  
 Which is the bliss of solitude;  
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
 And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

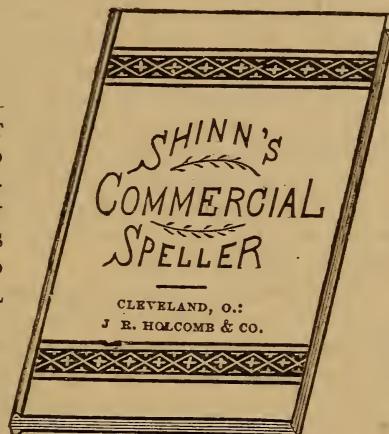
O BABE of Bethlehem, I pause to hear  
 The angel voices chiming sweet and clear;  
 I lift my eyes to seek the wondrous star  
 That led the wise men from their home afar;  
 I bend with them in humblest awe to see  
 The Kingly One who sat on Mary's knee!  
 The lowly, meek, yet royal one, who bore  
 The burden of the cross till life was o'er.  
 O Christ, our King, half mortal, all divine,  
 Who e'er can comprehend such love as thine?

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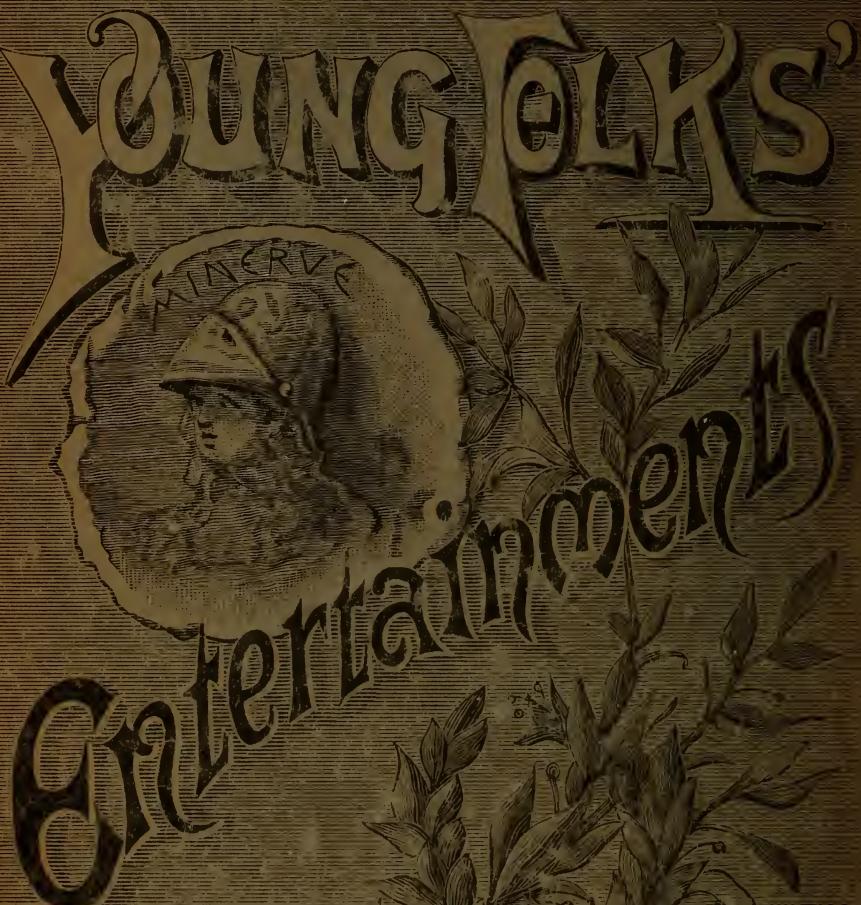






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